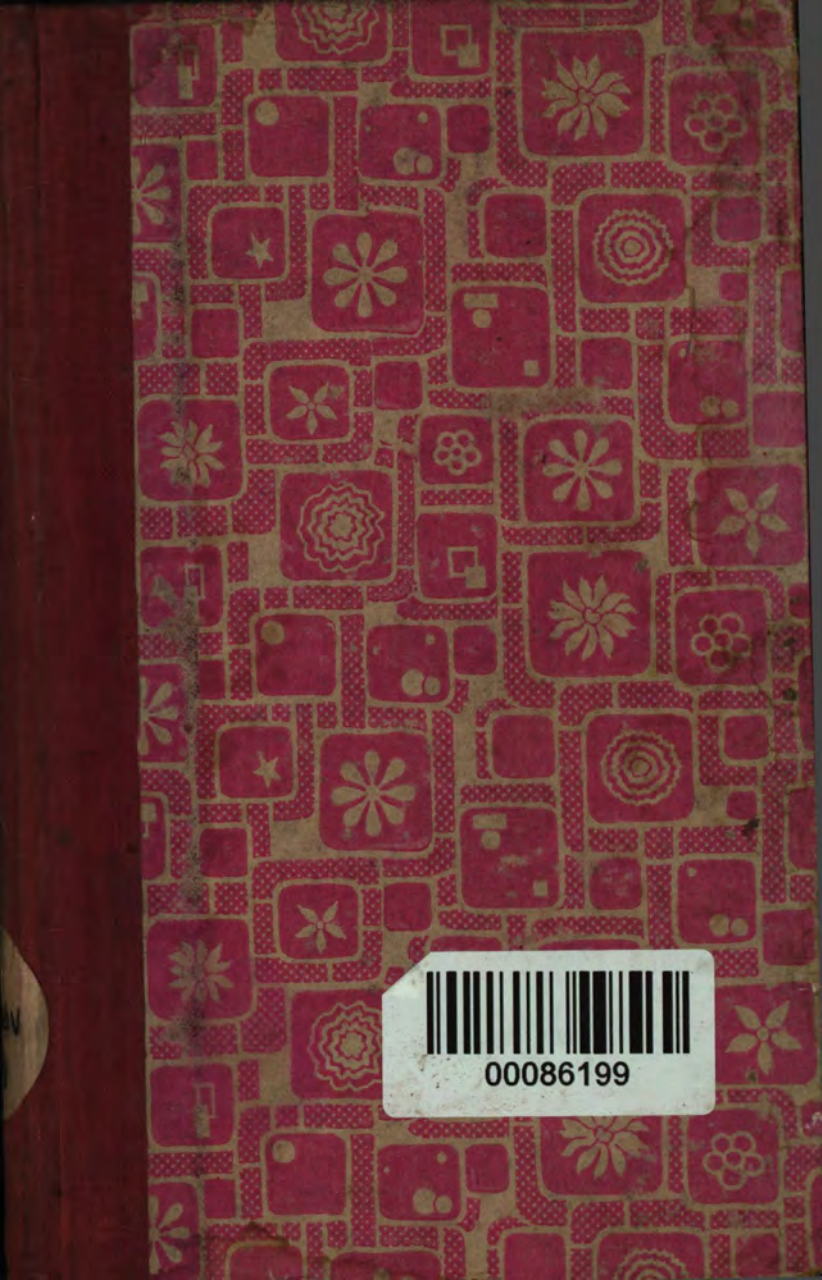
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ADVENTURES

IN THE

NORTH OF EUROPE;

ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE

Poetry and Philosophy of Travel.

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BY

EDWARD WILSON LANDOR.

TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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TO THE READER.

In presenting thee, O reader! with a work of a somewhat unusual character, I am aware how greatly I need thy indulgence, and am not unconscious how little I deserve it.

I do not seek to deprecate criticism whilst I explain my reasons for having adopted this style of writing; I wish only to account for having forsaken the common track of travellers, and thrown an air of romance over incidents which, notwithstanding, are literally true.

In the course of last year I visited some of the northern countries of Europe; and finding several things to communicate respecting them which I considered would not prove unentertaining to my fellow-countrymen, I thought I might venture to lay before them the contents

of my journal; but when I perceived how much had already been written concerning the inhabitants of those regions,—when I found that the bear-slaying, indefatigable Lloyd had given a most minute detail of their laws, manners, and habits, and that other authors had amply supplied his few deficiencies,—I despaired of being able to acquaint the reader with any thing new, and almost entirely abandoned my project. Nevertheless, having one day, with infinite satisfaction, laid down the third volume of a fashionable novel, which I had reluctantly been beguiled to read, I fell into divers reflections on the taste of the public, whose sunny smiles had been lavishly bestowed on this "charming production,"—so styled (ironically, of course,) by several witty reviewers, —and I could not help thinking, that although I might not indite with so much feeling, nor compose with so much elegance, still this discerning public might possibly derive from my rambles in a romantic country, and among a generous people, almost as much instructive amusement as from the simpering absurdities

of two sickly creatures, who are condemned by certain malignant stars to fall in love with each other, and to drag through an unhappy existence of three mortal volumes.

Quite aware that in the well-trampled field of literature I had no chance of making an impression as a sober, plodding traveller, I imagined that by creating a more interesting wanderer (a flattering kind of εἴδωλον of myself,) who should follow the path I had myself pursued, I might, perhaps, win over a few readers who would have taken no pleasure in a mere matter-of-fact, laborious narrative. And I was not the less willing thus to humour (as I thought) the taste of the public, since it left me more at liberty to employ those colourings, and to indulge in those speculations, which will be found, perhaps too numerously, to pervade the ensuing pages. We sympathize with a fictitious character in the expression of thoughts that from a real personage we should scarcely tolerate. There is nothing so offensive as egotism, unless it be attributed to an imaginary being, and then, if not *too* selfish, it awakens our sympathy and

interests;—I mean egotism of that more pardonable kind which dwells upon thoughts and emotions that are called forth by particular scenes or incidents.

But I am conscious of having probably committed a great error, inasmuch as the reader will perhaps accuse me of unwarrantably blending fiction with truth. And yet I assure him that I have carefully avoided laying down any thing that might mislead; and although the traveller himself be an ideal personage, still *whatever he relates with reference to the country through which he passes,* its scenery, manners, and customs, is perfectly true. Every incident, in short, may be unhesitatingly relied on, except such as are on the face of them fictitious—as "the Pastor's Story," &c. in the second volume. Having made this declaration, I have nothing more to add on this point, but that, if I am to suffer for endeavouring to give a greater degree of interest to the work than a plain unvarnished narrative would have possessed, I cannot deny that there will be some appearance of justice in the sentence.

Should this error be pardoned, the Author believes there is only one other of particular enormity about which he need be apprehensive. He is compelled contritely to acknowledge, that he has omitted the usual sprinkling of Greek and other learned quotations, which the policy of modern literature requires. A critical friend, who remarked this deficiency, undertook to supply it; and, on the following day, presented him with one hundred and fourteen sentences, comprising five different languages, that are certainly very sufficiently apposite, and display an astonishing variety of reading; but it being found rather a difficult task to insinuate them into the compactly written pages of the present work, the Author has been permitted to present them to Mr. ——, who is meditating an Essay on the Statistics of Russia, or on the Genius of Robespierre,—*which* is not yet quite determined, —and on either of these subjects, the quotations in question will be found particularly useful and illustrative.

One more remark, by way of anticipating criticism. The Author has occasionally suffered

a few of the following descriptions to resolve themselves into the form of verse; but he has done this under the honest conviction, that not even the most malicious of his readers will defame him with the opprobrious title of poet.

This work is entirely the result of his own adventures, with the exception of two chapters (IX. and X. of the second volume,) the principal incidents of which are taken from the notes of Mr. John Coleman, a young artist of great enterprise and perseverance, with whom the Author became acquainted in the desolate regions of the North.

The ardour and ambition of Mr. Coleman having been excited by the accounts which he had heard or read of the scenery of Norway, he determined to visit that country; and in the early part of last spring, having landed at Ostend, with his knapsack on his back, and his portfolio under his arm, he *walked* through Belgium to Brussels, and thence to Hamburg.*

* It must have been very delightful to walk over some of these roads; for instance, the road between Hamburg and Lubeck, a distance of about forty English miles, is the worst

At Lubeck, he embarked in the Danish dampskiffarten, or steamboat, which bore him to Copenhagen, whence he passed into Sweden and Norway. In the autumn he returned home, having walked a distance of many thousands of miles; having encountered hardships and privations amid the mountains of Norway, of which travellers in more frequented countries, who go provided with equipages, and attendants, and money, can form but a faint conception; and having incurred expenses which, every one knows, an artist is but little able to afford. But now surely, it would be thought, had arrived the hour of remuneration and profit, when he might exult in the difficulties he had overborne, and rejoice in an expenditure which would repay him with a plentiful return. But, alas! the life of an artist is a continual scene of trials, and struggles, and disappointments.

in all Europe; and when I travelled upon it, in a carriage drawn by a single pair of horses, we sometimes stuck so fast in the very middle of the track, that not all the struggles of the horses, nor the "Got-for-dammes!" of the driver, could for a long time effect our release.

Without a name, and without money, he found it impossible to bring before the public, in a fitting shape, those sketches which had cost him so dear, and which even publishers have admitted to possess no inconsiderable interest from their originality, and to be deserving of no slight praise for the talent and good taste which they display.

I must add also, that to Mr. Coleman I owe all the interest which may be found to belong to the traditionary story introduced into the second volume, entitled, "The Pass of Kringellen;" he having learnt on the spot the history of Mrs. Sinclair and the ill-fated Halvor, whilst I was not aware that Colonel Sinclair had possessed either a wife or a child.

As I have thus spoken of one English artist who has visited Norway, I am induced by the same motives to mention another—Mr. Edward Price, with whose work I have only become acquainted since my own was finished.

Whoever, impelled by the ardour of enterprise, and the desire of perfecting himself in those studies which belong to the profession he has

adopted, may have fearlessly encountered hardships, and overcome difficulties, is well entitled to the sympathy and the respect of his fellows. Urged onward by these motives, Mr. Price wandered over a much larger portion of Norway than was traversed either by Mr. Coleman or myself; and I deeply regret that the generous spirit of enterprise, which pressed on to its object in defiance of every discouragement, should here also have met with so ill a requital. As a last effort, this gentleman published his sketches on his own responsibility.* As drawings they deserve much praise, but as engravings they are infamous; and it was scarcely to be expected that the public should appreciate or recognise that talent which the engraver has striven so assiduously and so successfully to disfigure or to conceal.

Having no interest in the productions of either of these gentlemen beyond that which has been excited by a knowledge of their efforts, their

* Norway. Views of Wild Scenery, and Journal, by Edward Price. London, 1834.

perseverance, misfortunes and merits, I trust I shall be excused for having given this slight sketch of a part of their histories; and though my own more unworthy labours, and less arduous rambles, should fail to awaken interest, or to afford either instruction or amusement, it will at least be mine to remember that, in discharging that debt which the more fortunate (albeit but slightly so) are bound to render to the unsuccessful, I have pointed out to the public a store whence they might derive very abundant gratification.

The perusal of Mr. Price's journal has served still more to convince me of the total want of interest in a mere narrative of a tour through Norway. There can scarcely be any variety in the account of a country which has nothing historical to boast of; where no scene with its traditionary story presents a single subject for our reflections, nor arouses our sympathy by its record of heroism or magnanimity. The events of one day vary but little from those of the preceding; and in the fear of exciting that wearisome disgust which a methodical narrative

would scarcely fail to produce, I have carefully avoided the formality of a journal, and have passed over many days and scenes which could afford to the reader neither variety nor interest. In my view of this subject I may have erred; I may have failed also in the construction of my work: it is something, however, in an age of imitation, to have *dared* to conceive and to execute any thing new.

And now I will conclude this protracted Preface. The Author leaves his book to the amiable consideration of the personage to whom these opening pages are addressed; and should it be doomed to meet with that neglect which has so often awaited the works of greater and better men, he will endeavour to console himself with the reflections of Mr. Abraham Cowley, on a similar occasion; in whose words, addressed also to "The Reader," he begs to conclude: "It is not, I am sure, the first book which hath lighted tobacco, or been imployed by cooks or grocers; and if in all men's judgments it suffer shipwreck, it shall something content me, that it hath pleased myself and the bookseller [heaven

grant that consummation!] Such as it is, it was created by me, but its fate lies in your hands; it is only you can effect, that neither the bookseller repent himself of his charge in printing, nor I of my labour in composing it. Farewell."

ERRATA.

Vol. I. page 55, line 1, *for* "it is," *read* "they are."
— 61, line 7 from bottom, *for* "by all-lamented," *read* "and all-lamented," &c.
— 106, line 8, *for* "Trollhattau," *read* "Trollhattan," and so throughout.
— 113, last line but one, *omit* the word "it."
— 152, first line, *omit* "not."
— 161, line 5, *for* "Hindalbyu," *read* "Hindalbyn."
— 187, eighth line from bottom. *for* "the value of virtue," *read* "the value of this virtue."
— 233, eighth line from bottom, *for* "vest of mountains," *read* "nest of," &c.
Vol. II. — 35, in note, *for* "will," *read* "well."
— 111, fourth line from bottom, *for* "Those," *read* "Than."
— 113, line 11, *for* "maudgar," *read* "mandgar."
— 222, line 11, *for* "dish," *read* "dirk."

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ADVENTURES

IN

THE NORTH OF EUROPE.

CHAPTER I.

THE PASTOR OF CUREWELL LANDS AT ELSINORE.

It was evening. Scarcely a breath of wind swept over the bosom of the tideless Baltic, as the ship, late so proud and majestic, but now impotent and helpless, was towed to her anchorage beneath the castle of Cronborg. I stood upon her deck; the beams of the sun were level with the sea, and shone in golden light upon the walls of the castle, and gave a brighter tinge

to the red roofs of Elsinore. I looked for the "wild and stormy steep" which Campbell has mentioned; but steep there was none, and calmness and silence and peace were on every thing around. The castle stood out into the sea; a noble stone building of a square form, with high roofs of sheet copper. On one side, and modestly retiring, lay the town of Elsinore, clean, neat, and unassuming. The opposite shore, about five miles distant, was the coast of Sweden—bleak, barren, and inhospitable; and the eye gladly turned again to the woods of Denmark, and the long hill or cliff which, covered with trees, stretched away behind the castle, and formed part of the domain of a royal palace. It was the scene of the tragedy of Hamlet. The tranquillity of the hour shed a softness over the heart, that gave a charm to every object which met the eye; the little boats carelessly moving in all directions; the many vessels with their naked spars, motionless as the trees on land, and waiting for a capful of wind

to waft them up the Sound; the few white sea-birds sailing idly to and fro,—all had, in their listless appearance, a charm which every one will recognise and appreciate.

There is something in evening that subdues all but the sternest and most unfeeling; that gives at times a tinge of romance to the dullest imagination, and can raise, for a moment, from the mire in which he grovels, even the most sordid of beings. What a gush of softened and endearing recollections flows over the memory as we muse on this holiest of hours! The troubled thoughts, the thousand cares which harassed and convulsed us during the day, have subsided. The soul is still and serene as the prospect around; undisturbed by the tumult of joy or the anguish of affliction—tranquil, chastened, subdued, and purified.

Perhaps I was myself, at this hour, peculiarly alive to those gentle emotions which awaken the best feelings of man; which suffuse the heart with a softness that tends most to reclaim it

from sterility, and which gradually lift the thoughts beyond the confines of mortal ken. I had left a home where death had deprived me of every thing that can give joy to existence, or soften the asperities of life. I had been a husband and a father;—a few hours, and I was alone in the world; but, though withered, I did not uselessly repine, and though bowed down with anguish, I did not rebel. As a clergyman, I had often taught submission to others; as a christian, I now strove to practise it myself: but the heart is very long in healing, when every scene reopens its wounds. I could endure my home no more (for the present, at least), and resolved to seek in other climates for that variety which should relieve my soul from the load that oppressed it. Accordingly, having distributed my stipend and income among those that required it most, reserving to myself only sufficient to answer my necessities, I repaired to Hull, and embarked in the first ship that was bound for the Baltic. In my younger days I had

wandered over many countries of the south of Europe, but now having no desire to awaken recollections of happiness which never again might be experienced, I determined to shun those scenes to which I could not recur without pain, and in the difficulties of northern travel endeavour to find that occupation of thought and exertion of mind which were most likely to afford me relief. I had, moreover, been long disgusted with the insincerity of the French, and the knavishness of the Italians; and I imagined that, perhaps, in more barbarous countries, I might yet discover some traces of that simplicity of thought, and free and fearless honesty of spirit, which civilisation and refinement are but too apt to conceal or destroy. I had frequently heard my generous countrymen, in the kindness of their hearts, or the consciousness of their own superior advantages, compassionate the poor Swede and Dane for the numerous deprivations to which they were subjected by poverty and ignorance; but when I looked upon these sympathetic

mourners in the land of abundance, and saw that luxury and wealth had not conferred upon *them* the happiness which they deemed to be withheld from their unfortunate fellow-creatures, I was inclined to doubt the justice of their lamentation, and the propriety of expressing it. I would grant them, that unhappiness, in a great degree, does consist in the multitude of wants; but it must be admitted, also, that happiness does not consist in the multitude of possessions. It takes but little, naturally, to suffice mankind; our actual necessities are easily supplied, and all else that we require is ideal. Now, in countries where men are not so far removed from a state of nature as ourselves, their wants must be necessarily fewer—their proportion of unhappiness is, therefore, less. They are not led on by those numerous delusions which point out imaginary wants; which accumulate with luxury and refinement, and discover new necessities when old ones are supplied.

But to begin my personal adventures. I

remained upon deck contemplating the beauty of the scene, till the captain requested my presence in the boat which was to convey us ashore. The water of the Baltic is as clear as a Swiss lake, and I loved to look into its green depths and catch the glimmer of the pebbles some fathoms below. There is scarcely any harbour at Elsinore; the vessels anchor off the town within range of the guns of the castle. Our boat had hardly entered the little port before it was hailed by a sentinel, who was marching to and fro upon the narrow pier, and ordered to come alongside. We obeyed, and the soldier having asked whether I were a passenger, and being answered in the affirmative, directed me to land on the spot, whilst the captain rowed on to another landing-place, where he was to deliver his papers. Although I disliked this arrangement, as I did not know a word of Danish, and wished therefore to have the captain for an interpreter, I was obliged to comply with the command, and ascended the pier. The

sentinel gave me to understand that I was to follow him; and assuming as much consequence as though he thought the honour of the Danish nation depended upon his bearing, he paraded me along the pier, and through a congregated rabble, who seemed to take great interest in our manœuvres, to the guard house, which is situated just within the wooden gates of the town. Here a fierce-looking young officer handed me a chair, and requested my passport, which I produced; it was written in French, and the contents mightily puzzled the inspector, who after several severe contortions of his mustachios, was compelled to ask which of the words signified my name. When I comprehended the question, which was put in the Danish tongue, and eked out by signs and symbols, I satisfied his curiosity, and he signed the document; but instead of returning it as I expected, he put it aside, and bowed me a good evening. I explained to him, however, with great earnestness, in French and English, that there was a positive necessity for

my having the passport returned to me immediately, as it was the only credentials I possessed; but he quite as earnestly and with greater volubility maintained an opposite argument; and as neither understood a word the other advanced, we might have gone on arguing till the present hour, without either being convinced, had not my captain fortunately arrived, and explained that the passport would be returned when I wished to leave the town.

As I walked up the narrow street with my companion the sailor, musing upon the scene that had just occurred, I began rather to despond at the prospect of remaining in a country where I could neither understand the language nor make myself understood; I therefore begged the captain to take me to an hotel where they spoke English, if such a place might be found. Accordingly, we had not advanced far up the principal street, before I discerned a respectable looking edifice, with a large board as a frontispiece, describing the building to be the British

Tavern, kept by one Mrs. Morrell. I afterwards found out that the best inn is the Hotel d'Oresund, where they speak French, and are not half so exorbitant as the excellent Mrs. Morrell, who, I believe, is a Yorkshire woman.

Elsinore is a long, straggling town; some of the streets are very narrow, whilst others are of tolerable width. All the approaches to the town are defended by barriers; and the town itself is one of the cleanest I ever beheld. There are clean window-curtains and neat sanded floors in every house, and the number of windows makes them particularly cheerful. The houses are all very old-fashioned, and have an air of comfort and substantiality about them that is not a little agreeable to those who are disgusted with the gilt-gingerbread appearance of modern English dwellings. The want of literature in Denmark is evinced by the shops; all the articles for sale are painted on long perpendicular boards placed on either side the door. Gloves, handkerchiefs, stockings, &c.

are represented with very superior skill. Indeed, the Danes appear to have quite a genius for painting, as far as regards faithfulness of representation; but of richness of colouring and gracefulness of design, and those delicate touches which give the chief beauty and value to painting, they are totally ignorant. I have gone through the galleries of Copenhagen, and paid a good deal of attention to the works of the modern artists there exhibited, and in some of the palaces, and do not hesitate to say, that the productions I beheld are inferior even to those of our own country, and indeed even to those of the French school.

The costume of the Danish peasantry is not unlike that of the English labourer; but in winter they wear jackets made of sheepskins, and the common people, generally, have wooden shoes. The women are rather stout-built, but fair, good-looking, and cleanly; they usually wear caps, at least the married ones, but not bonnets, and some have veils of narrow lace

flung over their heads. There is a custom in Elsinore and Copenhagen, which is not unfrequent in some of the towns of the Netherlands, —(but I never saw it in so great repute as at Elsinore),—for almost all the private houses to have mirrors, about the size of a pane of glass, projecting from the windows for a couple of feet into the street. They are suspended between iron rods, and turn on a pivot in all directions, so that, as the young lady of the house sits in a corner of her room she can, by casting her eyes on this mirror, criticise every one that comes up the street without being visible herself, unless she sit so close to the window that her own features are reflected—which, by the bye, is generally the case. Sometimes, as I have walked out in the middle of the day, when the sun shone pleasantly, and invited all the ladies to the windows, every mirror has borne an image: some faces are seen the picture of gravity and decorum, whilst others are perked up with all the merriment of fun and mischief;

and I have gone down a whole street quite unable to preserve my usual sedateness of visage. It is, in fact, a very convenient mode of staring at one another without giving offence.

Owing to the alteration in the timber duties, the English trade in the Baltic has greatly fallen off within the last two or three years. A few years ago, it was no uncommon sight to behold thirty or more English vessels, at one time, lying off the town of Elsinore; but now scarcely forty pass in a quarter of a year. Foreigners, being allowed to compete with our countrymen on pretty easy terms, have found no great difficulty in taking the trade almost entirely out of their hands. The heavier expenses of our shipping, in seamen's wages, in their superior food, and in the prime cost of the vessel, are all manifest advantages to our privileged rivals.

Perhaps, too, we are somewhat prejudiced by the unequal observance of the reciprocity system. An English merchant required a cargo of timber

to be conveyed from Dantzic to Liverpool; no Englishman could afford to undertake the business for less than twenty (or twenty-one) shillings a ton. A Prussian trader agreed for sixteen shillings a ton; he took the timber to Liverpool, and there received a cargo of salt, with which he returned to Dantzic. It is not permitted to import salt into Prussia in *foreign bottoms* without a very heavy duty, but the Prussian trader would, of course, escape this duty; and the money saved would allow him to undertake the other adventure of conveying the timber to England.

The revenue received by the Danish government from the tax on foreign ships passing through the Sound to the Baltic, has never exceeded 150,000*l.* a year; the minimum hitherto has been about 120,000*l.* And this tax, which is levied on the goods or cargo, is in fact only an indirect tax, that falls upon the consumer, and not upon the merchant. The Russians complain against it most; for it is into their

country that the goods are chiefly conveyed.

About a mile behind the town of Elsinore is a small summer palace of the king, and here are the gardens called the Hamlet gardens, supposed to be the scene of that famous tragedy. I ought not, perhaps, to give judgment on the gardens themselves, as I beheld them so early in the season, that they had not recovered from the desolation of winter. Their chief ornament, at that time, consisted of about a dozen leaden statues painted white, Grecian gods and goddesses, heroes and heroines, all looking as starved and miserable as nudity in the climate of Denmark could make them. Beyond the palace, and running parallel with the sea at a quarter of a mile's distance, is a long bank covered with wood, which affords a delightful retreat for retirement and contemplation. The sea breeze is pure and exhilarating. The castle of Cronborg, below us, stands forth a noble and imposing object; and beyond it, the long line of

the opposite Swedish coast preserves the eye from the weariness of a waste of waters.

The castle of Cronborg is a very handsome building, and, by the Danes, accounted a strong fortress. In approaching it we have to cross three drawbridges, over as many moats. The garrison at present is slight, but the proper complement is said to be four thousand men. The view from the batteries is truly beautiful. There are vaults under the ramparts for the inhabitants of Elsinore to flee to whenever their town should be attacked. The menial offices of the fortress are performed by slaves—convicted felons who have been sentenced to this punishment. Our worthy king, James the First, spent a month in this castle. His bride, the Princess of Denmark, being detained, whilst on her passage to Scotland, by contrary winds on the coast of Norway, and, indeed, having in consequence, resolved to pass the winter in that country, her royal husband became so impatient of her absence that he resolved to go himself to meet

her. Accordingly he went, and remained some time in Norway, where he received an invitation to visit the king of Denmark, his father-in-law. The two kings met in the castle of Cronborg, then a royal residence, and the visit was agreeably spent in a round of gaiety and feasting—there being great rivalry between the Danes and Scots as to their respective capacities for drinking; and so earnest was the contention that many very surprising feats were performed on both sides.

I fear my readers are tired of remaining so long at Elsinore, but I am particular in describing it, as it is a very good specimen of a Danish town, and, the rather, as I do not intend to be so diffuse in future. The first objects which strike the eye of a stranger in a foreign land press deeply into the memory; he examines with anxiety, and records with minuteness. But the novelty wears off in a few days; what appeared remarkable at first, becomes now matter of course, and if he afterwards meet with any thing extraordinary, it scarcely has the power to affect him with

surprise, because he is now, as it were, *familiar with unusual sights*. We therefore generally find that a traveller is most anxious to record his first impressions on entering a strange land, and that he afterwards observes with less attention, and narrates with less detail.

I spent a sabbath at Elsinore, and attended divine service in the Lutheran church. It is a mean building externally, but the interior is gorgeous, and encumbered with gilding and ornament. There is, however, a beautiful screen, and a noble altar-piece of carved oak. That which struck me most in the edifice, was a number of raised pews, like separate galleries, which had glazed sash windows and curtains; so that the inmate had as much privacy as if he remained by his own fireside; and should the sermon prove displeasing to his taste, he had only to close the window and draw the curtain, and he might slumber in silence and peace. Of course, these exclusive seats belonged only to the most refined of the gentry, whose sensitive

feelings naturally shrink from the popular gaze. There is also, down one of the side aisles, a whole series of these boxes with glass windows, which have much the appearance of the stalls in Covent Garden market.

The clergyman was, of course, in the Lutheran habit: a black gown, with a ruff round the throat. His sermon was long, but he had a quiet earnestness of manner, and a persuasive eloquence that pleased and attracted. I admired his discourse, though I did not understand a word of it. There were some of the congregation who understood without seeming to admire; and it is therefore probable that I returned at least as much edified as these.

CHAPTER II.

FREDERIKSBURG.

THERE is no sorrow, however severe, that religion may not subdue. The poignancy of anguish and the hopelessness of despair are either averted or greatly alleviated by her soothing consolations. He that hath delight in beholding the loveliness of nature, will have often confessed the landscape to be most beautiful when the haze of the morning is about to be dissipated by the breaking glories of the sun. So it is with the heart; though softened and shadowed by the mists of misfortune, it yet is

not wholly obscured in the gloom of despondency, but awakens again into cheerfulness and joy beneath the vivifying rays of religion. Who would pass through life, were it possible, without ever feeling a pang? Not I—there is a hardness and severity engendered by continual good fortune, that the chastening hand of affliction alone can correct. It is when most humbled by the sense of its woes, that the soul rises highest above the ills of earth, and clings with the liveliest ardour to the feet of its Redeemer, and rests upon the hopes of hereafter, far, far removed beyond the shocks of mortality.

It was not that my heart had forgotten its griefs,—that callousness and indifference had succeeded to sorrow,—that caused me to look up from depression, and acknowledge once more a sober feeling of cheerfulness and hope: the balm from on high had been shed upon me, and I was comforted and cheered. A glow of benevolence warmed my breast, and, with expanded thoughts I resolved to live and be

useful to mankind. Alas! how transient, how slightly rooted are our deepest resolves! how easily overturned by any trifling opposition of circumstance! As I walked along the principal street of Elsinore, my health restored by the bracing sea breeze, and with a re-invigorated spirit, I was met by a miserable beggar-woman, who entreated me for an alms. Sorrow and wretchedness were in her eye, and her wasted form and scanty attire betokened privation and poverty. Instinctively I put my hand into my pocket, but finding nothing there of less value than a dollar, I assumed a look of severity, as though I would reprove her for her crimes—and hastily passed by. But my heart instantly smote me:—"Wretch that I am!" I exclaimed, "have I not myself, this day, received the cup of charity—and yet have I dared to wring a heart that was already wrung to despair? Monster! hast thou really given another pang to anguish, and dropped additional gall into the cup of bitterness?" I turned to look at

my victim; she was walking slowly and dejectedly down the street. I hurried after and overtook her. "Poor woman!" I said, though she could not understand me; "you are miserable, and I am a wretch; take this, and may God be as merciful to you as he has been to me!" I put two dollars into her hand, and she started with surprise and delight. The tears gushed to her eyes; she raised her emaciated hands, and, as I turned away with a happy heart, though I understood not her language, I felt that she blessed me. Who would not give two dollars for a blessing?

Soon after this incident, I left Elsinore and struck off into the interior of the country. I had hired a carriage, which was composed of a long wooden trough, with a seat across it; the vehicle was placed on low springs and supported by four light wheels. I saw one or two private conveyances of a similar shape, but made of wicker-work, which had rather a neat appearance. The carts or waggons of the

country are all made of these long troughs upon four wheels, and are drawn by two handsome spirited little horses abreast. My horses were of a cream colour, and went along at a gallant pace. The Danish horses are not much above fourteen hands high, but very strong and compactly made, and always in excellent condition. They are greatly esteemed all over the continent.

It was a cold morning on which I set out, and I was glad to make use of all the warm garments I possessed. It is generally remarked of Englishmen who visit the northern countries of Europe, that they are as careless in guarding against the weather as if they were still in their own climate; whilst common observation would show them that the natives themselves are particularly careful to provide a warm clothing. The punishment of neglect is generally an ague, or some such complaint, the frequent recurrence of which makes them regret their imprudence for life.

The climate of Zealand is much more temperate than that of the opposite coast of Sweden. On a preceding evening I had remained nearly an hour watching a furious snow-storm that raged along the bleak and barren cliffs of Sweden, whilst the shores on which I stood seemed to be defended from its invasion by the wind that swept down the intermediate channel.

I was now travelling towards Frederiksburg, where is a royal palace, which, from description, I conceived worthy to be seen.

The northern part of the island of Zealand appears to be cold and not very productive, but the inhabitants cultivate it with considerable assiduity. The whole surface of the island is almost denuded of trees, but occasionally we meet with a fine wood that is particularly agreeable after the waste we have traversed. Perhaps, on the whole, the country may be said to exhibit a pleasing aspect, from its undulated surface, and the park-like character of its occa-

sional woods, For three or four miles before reaching Frederiksburg, we pass through the most beautiful forest scenery; there are no fences to annoy the eye, and fine maple and beech trees abound on each side the road. The beautiful brakes and glades in the forest, and the rough wild herbage, that has never been subject to cultivation, had, for me, inexpressible charms. It was evening when I came within sight of the large gateway that forms one of the entrances into the palace of Frederiksburg. To enter the town, we have to pass through this gateway, and over a moat, which brings us in front of the palace; we then pass over the opposite side of the moat and through several defences, and thus arrive at the town. I may mention here, that having made this place my head quarters, I traversed the country in various directions in my waggon, but found it to contain so little diversity of scenery that I shall not take up the time of the reader with any idle description; as for the towns,—Roskild, the

burial place of the kings of Denmark, has been already described by Derwent Conway, and no other has sufficient interest to make it worth describing. When I returned again to Frederiksburg, I sent my carriage back with its driver to Elsinore, and resolved to remain myself a few days at this the most delightful spot in the kingdom of Denmark. I had studied the Danish language a little whilst at Elsinore, and had taken the precaution to write down about forty useful sentences in English, which I got translated for me into Danish, taking care to spell the words as they were pronounced; so that when I spoke them I had generally caught the accent so correctly as to deceive people into the belief that I knew more than I was really master of.

The palace of Frederiksburg cannot be called a very handsome edifice; it was built by Inigo Jones, who was invited to Denmark by Christiern the Fourth, one of the most puissant of the Danish princes. It is of large dimensions,

of brick, faced with stone, and is built on piles, in the midst of a little sheet of water. That part of the building into which I was first conducted was the chapel, which is also the place of public worship for the inhabitants of the town. The interior is very rich; the ceiling is of carved wood highly gilded, and the king's seat, at one extremity, has a ceiling of dark oak, with pendants of ivory, worked into various shapes. The altar-piece is truly magnificent; it is of ebony, adorned with groups of figures in embossed silver and gold, that represent various passages in the life of our Saviour: it is said to be seven hundred years old. In the king's pew is a table, made of a marble slab inlaid with mosaic. There is a tradition which says, that when the czar Peter was on a visit to the king of Denmark, he was shown this table, which had been lately brought from Italy, and was esteemed a rare curiosity. The inquisitive savage surveyed it with much attention, and then insisted that it was only a painted

stone. Upon being contradicted, he swore that he would ascertain the fact before he left the room; and, drawing his sword, deliberately picked out several of the pieces with the point of the weapon. The hole he made is still pointed out, and remains to illustrate an anecdote which, in my opinion, is not uncharacteristic of Peter the Great.

There are many good rooms in the palace: one which bears a title somewhat resembling the "Hall of the Knights," was used formerly as the room of installation for the knights of one of the noblest of the Danish orders; it is too low in proportion to its length, but has a splendid ceiling of oak, and ivory, and gold.

As the king but seldom visits this palace, he has removed the best of the paintings to his other residences; the two most interesting that remain are portraits of Mary, the wife of our William the Third, and the celebrated Nell Gwynn, in her youthfulness and beauty. Among the few curiosities is the stuffed skin of a horse,

which is pretended to have run twenty miles in forty-two minutes. But nothing interested me so much as the following words of the unhappy Caroline Matilda, the sister of George the Third, and mother of the present king of Denmark, who, at one time, was confined in this palace by her barbarous husband. The words are in English, and scratched with a diamond on a pane of one of the windows:—

"O make me innocent—be others great."

It is a touching sentiment, when we believe it to have sprung from the heart of an unfortunate princess. We are never so much affected with the appearance of piety as when we find it adorning the lofty rulers of the world, and shedding a lustre over dignities and titles. We then see how vain is the possession of these things, since their owner esteems them but little worth without that purer jewel which we may acquire equally with him. And when we find that sorrow and anguish have wrung the heart that was born to power and dominion, and

tortured the soul that we foolishly deemed to be beyond the stings of affliction, how paltry seems greatness! how impotent majesty! How beautiful, how touching that confiding devotion which turns from the vanities of the world, and beseeches the Almighty for innocency of spirit, whilst it acknowledges with contrition the worthlessness of human grandeur!

The large fire-places in this palace confirmed me in the idea that stoves have not always been in esteem in Denmark, but have only been used since the decrease of wood rendered men more provident of fuel.

The portrait of Inigo Jones is preserved here; he remained in Denmark until his death, and, I was informed, lies buried about eight miles from Frederiksburg.

I set out early one morning to wander through the forest which encompasses the town of Frederiksburg, in any direction that fortune might lead me. It was nearly the close of April; the air was bracing, and the sun shone cheerily,

and the spirits, however inclined to droop, could not resist the exhilarating influence of the scene. In this forest are innumerable valleys and gentle slopes covered with beautiful woods, and frequent prairies, or open spaces, where the peasants are accustomed to graze their cattle. Here, and generally throughout the country, there is very little brushwood; it has all been cleared away for fuel, leaving the woods open and easy of passage.

I wandered on for many miles with a carelessness and indifference that give the chief charm to a ramble of this kind.

One of the most delightful emotions that ever give buoyancy to the spirits is the sense of perfect, unbounded freedom,—where there is not a single clog to fetter or restrain. It is but seldom, amid the unevenness of life and the demands of society, that such a feeling is permitted to visit the heart. There are cares or duties attendant on every station that debar men from the enjoyment of such boundless liberty,

even in thought; whoever has a tie that binds him to earth wears the shackles of solicitude—but who would wish to exist without them? It might, then, have been an intemperate and unnatural feeling that removed the load from a heart which had long been depressed, and exalted the spirits with unusual lightness, that gave elasticity to the step as I wandered, careless of the direction, through the beautiful forest, and loosed the thoughts to sweep in wanton career through devious and infinite paths, which they did not pause to survey, but bounded along rejoicing in their absolute freedom.

What a glorious subject of contemplation does the human mind present! Next to the Deity Himself, it is indeed the grandest of all subjects. The deeper we look into it the more are we amazed; the better we know it the more boundless seems its range—space can scarcely contain it, eternity alone is its limit. How astonishing is its flexibility! from the loftiest conceptions it can descend, at once, to the most

minute; this moment, the Deity engages its thoughts—the next, it is attracted by the atom that floats in the sunbeam. The lightning-rapidity with which it darts from one thought to another, and flashes in an instant from earth to heaven, and from heaven to earth,—with which it multiplies objects, unites distances, and annihilates Time,—this is its most wonderful property: but it has a quality better and nobler still. Its most valuable attribute is that which makes it the source of all our most exquisite enjoyments. The beasts of the field, and all the soulless part of creation, are but capable of a vague, limited, and un-elating happiness, which, perhaps, chiefly consists in a calm, unruffled contentment. The expansion of soul, the liveliness of fancy, the keenness of sense, the delicacy of feeling, the refinement of imagination; these are the ingredients of that extended and exalted happiness which the human breast is capable of enjoying. The dumb brute basks in the rays of the sun, and is happy; but it is a happiness

limited to the mere sensation of bodily enjoyment, and the offspring only of additional warmth. But man, as he looks up to the kind smiling heavens, and spreads forth his hands to the cherishing sunbeams, and stands in the warm air with the quick-beating pulse of an invigorated frame—what an exaltation of spirit does he experience! what a lightness of heart! what an elasticity of feeling! The beams of the sun are not merely communicated to his outward form, but are transfused into his bosom, and give additional warmth to his soul. His gratitude is awakened with the happiness he receives; he melts into the tenderness of an adoring creature, and blesses the bountiful Bestower for the joy that inspires him, and for the heart and feeling that enable him to appreciate the gift.

These are the sentiments of every heart that is not entirely warped from the enjoyment of natural emotions by a too deep concern for temporal engagements. Such men affect to scorn every expression of feeling, and so

gradually shut up the sluices of the heart, until its native fertility is changed into unproductive barrenness. Under pretence of sneering at *enthusiasm*, they condemn every generous emotion, and, wrapping themselves up in selfish indifference, studiously avoid every manifestation of feeling, and soon cease to feel for any but themselves. Far be from *us* the day when the beams of the sun shall fail to awaken gratitude and joy; perish worldly advantages, and ambitious hopes, so that we preserve a heart capable of melting into those undefinable emotions which they whom we scorn may despise, but which give to their possessor a dignity of feeling and a loftiness of tone that he could not else hope to enjoy, and inspire him with a self-respect to which, at other times, he dare not lay claim.

CHAPTER III.

COPENHAGEN.

About four miles from Frederiksburg is the town of Friedenburg, remarkable for its clean and inviting appearance;—and, indeed, cleanliness and neatness may be considered the characteristics of most of the Danish towns. At Friedenburg is a royal castle, which, except for that dignity, I had not thought worthy of mention. Behind the town is a most picturesque lake, which winds for a long distance through woods that slope down to its edge: it is a delightful scene, and well deserving a visit.

The peasantry of Zealand are remarkable for their respectable appearance, and the invariable civility of their demeanour. Their low-built, whitewashed cottages are comfortable and tidy, and generally cleaner than those of our own labouring classes. I was informed that each labourer is allowed a plot of land, which usually adjoins his house, and provides him with many of the luxuries of life, or what to him, at least, appear such.

I like the country inns of Denmark; the traveller is uniformly treated with civility and respect, and yet is not required to pay exorbitantly for those attentions. Animal food is very cheap, and house-rent very moderate, and the best wine—St. Julian, or what is called such—commonly a rix dollar a bottle, that is, a little more than two shillings and four-pence.

I travelled from Frederiksburg to Copenhagen by the post, or royal diligence—a kind of open waggon on low springs, containing four seats, which accommodate twelve persons, including

the driver. That individual, robed in a scarlet coat, with a horn slung round his neck, which he takes care to blow not unfrequently, devotes his utmost abilities to urging four long-tailed horses into a trot.

When the passengers are numerous, inferior carriages are provided, which are drawn by two horses, and respectfully keep in the wake of the royal mail;—for, in arbitrary countries, the doctrine of precedence is very strictly observed; and in Denmark, as throughout Germany, it is thought extremely incorrect for the subsidiary vehicle to pass the principal, though the fares of each are alike.

The road to the metropolis lies through frequent woods and over dreary wastes, which, for miles, are without the shelter of a single tree. There is also, at least, one very noble lake, surrounded with beautiful woods, among which it winds and is lost. Upon the banks is sometimes seen a large mansion, the residence of a great landed proprietor.

Long avenues of trees lead up to the several gates which give entrance to Copenhagen; but every one of these trees, which seem to be commonly elm, is cut down to about ten or twelve feet from the ground; and it is singular that the Danes, who are very proud of their gardens, and really have a taste for flowers, should make a point of mutilating in this manner all the trees which they mean to be ornamental. The tops thus deprived of their branches, in which consisted all their beauty, are reduced to mere sprouts, that in winter have the appearance of besoms, and in summer of magnified cabbages.

Copenhagen is a fortified town, surrounded by a moat, and walls or mounds of earth. I could not help thinking that rather an arbitrary edict which caused the luggage of all the passengers of the diligence to be searched, though we had not come from a foreign country, nor even from a frontier town.

Copenhagen is an agreeable and handsome town, the streets are wide, the houses lofty and

well-built, and generally painted of a stone colour. Some of the squares—which, by the bye, are rather oval than square—have a fine appearance; and in the best of them the king resides.

The king has also a new, and very large, though not very handsome palace, called Christiansborg: it contains a museum of ancient arms, and other curiosities that are usually placed in museums. The royal stables behind this palace are worth visiting; they contain about a hundred of the king's horses—noble animals, though small. The finest building in the town is the Exchange, which was erected in the reign of Christian the Fourth. That monarch also built a curious tower, called the Round Tower, in the which there is no staircase, but a gradual ascent, paved with brick, that runs spirally to the summit. It is so wide that a carriage may be driven up it; and one of the kings, it is said, actually drove his chariot and six horses to the very top. The library is in

this tower, and the royal observatory on it. The Palace of Rosenberg, situated in a garden within the walls of the town, is a small and deserted building, erected, at the command of Christian the Fourth, by Inigo Jones: it is not, however, particularly to the credit of that architect. There is one room that contains the portraits of the original owner and his *seven* mistresses; in another, the king himself, his queen, and several of his children, are represented in full dress, each adorned with a profusion of red hair. It is a curious proof of the eccentricity of fashion, that, about an hundred and seventy years ago, red hair was esteemed, in the Danish court at least, one of the most attractive features, and they who had not the good fortune to be born with that natural advantage were fain to dye their locks, or powder them with a red pulvilis. This fashion was not introduced out of compliment to the king, whose hair was naturally jet black. Christian the Fourth was one of the most celebrated of the

Danish monarchs; he flourished in the middle of the seventeenth century, and was not more celebrated as a warrior than as a wise and patriotic prince. He encouraged the arts, patronised talent, and founded or promoted several public institutions; but he was of a stern, unfeeling disposition, and of a native ferocity and brutality of temper that generally distinguish the half-reclaimed barbarian. His forbidding features were rendered still more repulsive by the loss of an eye, which was struck out in a naval engagement.

The present king, Frederick the Sixth, is very plain in appearance, and homely in his manners; he is frequently to be met walking about the town, where he attracts no particular attention. It is a great misfortune to his people, and a serious drawback to his popularity, that he almost entirely neglects the interests of commerce, and devotes his chief attention to the provision of an useless army, to which all his abilities and anxiety cannot give a respectable

appearance. The Danish soldiers are no doubt as brave as other military characters; but they have an innate awkwardness of manner, and meanness of aspect, that no drilling seems able to remedy: it is like hammering cold iron. Their slouching gait, bent knees, squat figure, and diminutive size, move to laughter rather than inspire respect; and yet, as the position of their country and its political interests deny them even the chance of greater honours than may be acquired at a review, it is rather surprising that they should not be more worthy of those private laurels which their king very liberally bestows. I one day saw a collection of these heroes at drill. When ordered to sheathe bayonets, there were only a few men skilful enough to go through that intricate manœuvre without assistance, and to the great derangement of their ranks; the others were fain to apply for the aid of their neighbours, and good-naturedly assisted each other.*

* Perhaps these were the awkward squad; and I must in

'I would not be thought to sneer at mere want of skill, nor from national pride seek to censure inferiority; but I would reprehend all vain and idle follies that are indulged by the whim of one to the prejudice of many. A large and useless army is not unfrequently the foible of an absolute king, and in the hands of the king of Denmark it is the worst of all foibles, as being the cause of much injustice and much evil. The whole thoughts of the monarch seem to be centred in his army; all his rewards, honours, and patronage, are confined to its members. It is not state policy, nor the tranquillity of his empire, that demands this engrossing interest; which arises solely from the lust of pride, and the weakness of vanity.

The geographical position of Denmark renders her essentially a maritime power; and whatever

justice admit, that there are two good regiments in the whole army—one the horse-guards. I believe there is but one more regiment of cavalry, and the other a picked regiment, that does duty before the king's palace.

importance she once possessed, was acquired by the influence of her navy, and the extent of her commerce. The king has withdrawn his favour and encouragement from these sources of power and affluence; and the navy lies dismasted in the dock-yards, whilst commerce has sunk into insignificance and decay. In our own country it is matter of much indifference whether the king pay attention or not to particular branches of polity; but in the dominions of an absolute monarch the case is far otherwise:—he is there the centre of all power, the key-stone of all stability; the sun, as it were, of a system that looks to him for life and warmth, and whose rays, extending through all the ramifications of empire, are felt in every department, and have an influence on every grade of society. When the beams of the monarchy are averted from an object that has grown up and flourished under its genial warmth, we may well imagine that it is left to wither and decay.

Where formerly fifty sail of ships used to

trade betwixt Denmark and the East, there now, I was informed, are not more than ten: the traffic of the country is almost entirely carried on by foreigners.

The navy, at present laid up in port, consists of sixteen or eighteen vessels—ships of the line and frigates.

There is only one theatre at Copenhagen, and it is very small, and generally crowded to excess; it is usual to perform only one piece in an evening. I witnessed an opera and a comedy; the latter I did not understand sufficiently to admire, and the former wanted at least good voices to make it agreeable. In order to give *some* effect to the stage, the chandelier is drawn up during the performance, and the spectators sit in obscurity.

I went one evening to the Circus, having heard that Prince Christiern, the king's nephew and heir presumptive, and several others of the royal family, intended to be present. It is a wooden building outside the gates, and on that evening

was so crowded that I had difficulty in obtaining a seat.

Prince Christiern is a plain, inoffensive-looking individual, something under the age of fifty. He wore a blue coat and star, with a white neckerchief. His only son married a daughter of the king (who has another daughter, but no son) but it was much against the inclination of the young man, who yielded only to policy and the commands of his sovereign. The match turned out as unhappily as might have been expected; the prince soon quarrelled with his wife, and was even of a temper sufficiently brutal to inflict upon her actual chastisement. Whether she really deserved that treatment is, to this day, a subject of refined speculation with the ladies of Copenhagen, many of whom seem inclined to espouse the cause of the young prince, who is possessed of an attractive person, and, though impetuous, is said to be engaging.

The king resented the ill-usage his daughter had received, and banished the husband to

Iceland, whence he was, some time afterwards, removed to Jutland, where he still remains; but there is a rumour of his intended recall. He is now divorced from the princess.

The performance at the Circus was such as would have done no honour to a company of vagabonds at a village fair in England; half-a-dozen gentlemen cantered round the ring in military costume; one contrived to fling himself through a hoop, and a lady managed to sit on horseback in the male fashion, and occasionally diversified the scene by turning her face to the tail. I never was so tired of any thing in my life, and was glad to make my escape, long before the performance concluded; not a little envying Prince Christiern the power to derive amusement from a subject apparently so devoid of interest. That good prince, indeed, on his part, seemed to take the highest pleasure in the matter; his attention was never removed from the riders, and he frequently clapped, applauded, and grinned with every appearance of satisfaction.

Though the Danes, in general, do not seem to ride much themselves, yet they entertain great respect for horsemanship, and take pleasure in beholding it. I believe they consider the English to be the finest horsemen in the world.

When I reflected upon the scene I had witnessed at the Circus, I could not help thinking that it, in some measure, marked the intellectual attainments of the people, to find the highest of the land attending, and deriving gratification from, such miserable exhibitions. That nation cannot be very far advanced in refinement, whose upper and most cultivated classes take delight in witnessing spectacles in which no mental talent is exercised, and but very little even of physical dexterity displayed. Those men take greatest pleasure in brutal feats of strength, in the pranks of a rope-dancer, or the contortions of a mountebank, whose finer perceptions have never been awakened to the subtleties of wit, the graces of eloquence, or the harmony

of poetry; who have never been conscious of those more elegant pleasures, which refinement affords, and cultivated reason teaches to appreciate.

CHAPTER IV.

GARDENS AND TOMBS.

THERE is a summer palace of the king, about two miles from Copenhagen; it is well situated, and surrounded by extensive gardens. The Danes take great pleasure in the cultivation of flowers, and most of them, even of the humbler sort, are found to cherish in their houses a few select and estimable plants. But the taste is chiefly displayed in their burial-grounds, or *kirka-gortins*, one of which is to be seen in the vicinity of every town. For these holy spots, which are laid out with much good taste, and

kept in the neatest order, the choicest flowers are selected; and such as are too delicate to withstand the chills of winter, are carefully brought home, and tenderly nurtured in the atmosphere of the stove-warmed sitting-room, until returning summer invites them again to the open air.

Perhaps I ought not to attempt to criticise gardening, since I have never myself taken any delight in that exercise, though I do not wish to undervalue the taste for it in others. I may as well confess, at once, that I am perfectly ignorant of the distinctions between monadelphias and diadelphias, syngenesias and gynandrias, of stamens united by the anthers, or stamens not so united: in short, I am able only to admire the external beauty of a flower, without knowing whether it be attributed by the learned to this or that particular class. I am afraid my poor friends, the Danes, are almost in the same lamentable state of darkness.

There are minds, strange and irregular it may

be, that would feel no pride in surveying the thousand maimed, maltreated, and imprisoned, yet cherished unfortunates which spread forth their charms in the fever of a greenhouse. There are men who have no heart to bestow upon a harem of flowers, which are confined in their glass cage, and seem to bloom for the eyes of their owner alone; but these men may yet have delight in beholding the herbage of the field—in the offspring of seeds that were sown by the hand of nature, and are unconscious of the pruning-knife, untortured by the cramping pot, and far removed from the distorted and overcrowded bed.

To gaze over a meadow glowing with May-flowers, or daffodils, animates some men with the most buoyant joy; to pause in a lazy walk, and muse over a humble primrose or cowslip, fills them with absorbing pleasure; and, whilst they wander amid the beauties and varieties of Spring, their rugged breasts are softened with a conscious happiness and enlarged devotion that

in other scenes it is but seldom able to acquire. What, though these feelings exist but for the few moments that can be abstracted from the vexations and harass of existence? What, though they be worn away by the hurry and tumult of the succeeding hour? It is good even that they *have* been: they will have given a fresh tint to the hues of the mind, that will not be so easily worn away; and they will assure the heart that, however stern may have been its character, however numerous its weaknesses, its follies or its foibles, it is not yet wholly withered and worthless, since it possesses, though perchance deep within, one fertile spot that may be made to produce inestimable riches.

Although I have little pleasure in beholding the geranium in its pot, or the myrtle in its painted tub, I rejoice to look upon the noble, majestic oak stretching his boughs with kingly grandeur over his wild domain; the towering ash, or the long-armed elm. But after all, much may be said in praise of the garden: no one is

really fond of gardening who has not some amiable qualities lurking in his heart. He that can feel an interest in the welfare of a flower, who shelters it in the day-time, and waters it in the evening, and loves to return and gaze upon it; who delights to linger in the shady and sweet-scented walk, and listens perchance with a smile to the song of the throstle or blackbird in her neighbouring tree—albeit he hath not a soul to be borne beyond the existence of the present hour, nor a vision to behold aught that is not palpable to the eye—this man, I say, hath a bosom filled with no distracting passions, with no malignant designs, no absorbing feelings of malice, hatred, or revenge. He has something in his composition that we may admire, and in his mind an enjoyment we may envy. The garden refines the mind, but gives to it no additional strength, energy or dignity; it pleases, but does not elevate; it charms, but does not ennoble. This is the distinction betwixt the garden of man and the garden of nature.

The only interest I ever felt in a garden, was when, like Diocletian, I cultivated cabbages.

This essay upon gardening has almost caused me to forget my intention of introducing the reader to the Kirkagortin of Copenhagen, situated about a mile and a half from the town. It is a simple and affecting scene, where each inhabitant has his little plot, separated from the rest by a low border of privet or box, within which the hand of affection has reared a few flowers upon the humble grave. There are none of the vapid and unmeaning sentiments that load the tombstones of the garden of *Père la Chaise.* Here are not to be found many stone monuments, and those which exist are humble and unostentatious, and contain little more than the name of the deceased. It is a common walk of the inhabitants of Copenhagen, who are not ashamed to visit the graves of their relatives; and I understand that, in summer, they not unfrequently indulge the strange whim of drinking tea there!

Several girls, in various parts of the garden, were busied about their family tombs, and one, a child of six years old, was carefully watering the flowers that grew upon a grave near which I stood. I was pleased with her infant piety, and observed her with interest. At length, I addressed her in English, and was surprised to hear her answer in my own tongue. She was the daughter of an Englishman who had married a Dane, and her mother now lay *here*. The tear glistened in her eye, as she artlessly told of the parent she had lost; and, as my own heart shook at the picture of death, I felt a yearning and sympathy for the poor orphan that stood before me. Would that I could do aught to cause thee one gush of pleasure, little mourner! I said to myself, for thou hast an affectionate spirit, and art already acquainted with sorrow. O! that I had one like to thee, to cherish and live for! I stooped down and took her hand, but she seemed frightened, so I placed within it a few pieces of silver to buy

her a new bonnet. She ran to her sister who sat not far distant, reading, and showed her the present. As I turned into a neighbouring walk with a heavy heart, I acknowledged in bitterness of mind, that life is indeed, from its commencement to its close, nothing else than vanity and vexation of spirit. But a few years, and how many friends have we to bewail; how many shocks to withstand, how many afflictions to endure! How many times has the cup that promised happiness been dashed from our lips by the cruel treachery of a friend, or the faithlessness of a mistress! How often have we been deceived by those we most implicitly trusted—and with a harrowed soul, or blighted affection, have turned to seek, in other paths, for peace and forgetfulness. If these ever visit us, how short is their stay! fresh sorrows are waiting to displace them, and make us again confess that "all is indeed but vanity and vexation of spirit."

Shade of the being that for a time was per-

mitted to crown me with blissfulness and peace! Author (after the Most High) of all the happiness I have ever known, or shall know upon earth! whose image is still a balm and a blessing, though despair would have made it a madness but for the tempering aid of religion—Spirit of purity, innocence, and virtue! did I forget *thee* whilst musing amongst the habitations of the dead?

TO THE MEMORY OF ———.

Here, where the good, the loved, the lost decay,
  Where sad affection oft hath sighed farewell,
To *thee*, my holiest recollections stray.
  How many gushing thoughts within me swell!
As with my feeble voice I thus essay
  Awhile upon thy excellence to dwell,
And bring thee as thou wert before mine eye,
Robed in the bright and glorious hues of memory.

Thou that didst love me most, and unto whom
  I most was knit—thou art no more for me
Or earth: but vainly, vainly shall the gloom
  Of deepening time close o'er us; thou shalt be,
Even from the far recesses of thy tomb,
  A light unto my footsteps, and to thee
I turn in doubt, temptation, danger, guile—
And shun th' abyss, and feel as though I saw thee smile.

O! might I hear thee bless me! yet no, no—
I will not, do not, dare not wish thee here;
Again thy many griefs to undergo,
Again to shed for others' wrongs the tear
That for thine own was all unwont to flow.
Who would not envy thy unstained career?—
Who spent a life in striving to do good,
And ne'er caused one to weep—save tears of gratitude.

In every fortune—and you had known all—
'Twas thine to soothe, to cheer, and to caress;
No dangers could thy fortitude appal,
No crosses shake thy stedfast tenderness.
One of the few that never fail or fall!
One of the few created but to bless!—
Earth was not worthy of thee—so on high
Thou hast been raised to watch o'er us continually.

The cheerful smile that on thy features played,
And shone with chastened softness in thine eye—
The grace of every accent, which conveyed
The sense that all within was purity—
These were the charms and ornaments that made
Thee, living, loved, by all-lamented, die;
For scattering goodness wheresoe'er you moved,
You held the hearts of even those whom you reproved.

Such wert thou to the world; but it could ne'er
Know half those beauties which conspicuous shone
By thy domestic hearth;—what thou wert there,
May never be by my essay made known;

I can but gaze around, and look to where
Thou wast.—I can but feel that thou art gone.
There is a void no other form may fill—
There is a grief that even time can scarcely kill.

To hang around thy heart, each thought to steal,
To watch each wish, and wait on every look;
To win the smile that could my spirit heal
When by the world, or by myself forsook,—
These are not for me now—I ne'er may feel
The thrilling transport that my heart had shook,
Had I but thee to cherish and caress,
And be unto thee, like thyself, all tenderness.

O may that fervid piety which bore
Thy stedfast steps through many a scene of woe,
And lit thy looks in the most dreary hour,
Illume my heart with as intense a glow;
That I may heed no storms that round me lour,
But have within the peace which passeth show.—
Thy treasured words continue long my guide!—
O thou the only friend that never left my side.

Why must I mourn that thou no more dost weep,
Nor bidest the buffets of this stormy scene?—
And yet, while I think on thee there doth sweep
Across my soul a gush of woe—not keen,
But tempered to still sorrow—like the deep
Full tones of the sad organ; and I glean
A solace from this half-subdued distress,
That robs from grief some portion of its bitterness.

'Tis not for thee, but for myself I grieve*—
A selfish sorrow I cannot subdue;
But 'tis within me and may never leave,
For Time is able only to renew.
Oppression, scorn, or care, shall not bereave
This lonely heart of memory and you.—
No earthly aim can e'er my thoughts control—
To thee, to thee I turn with an unchanging soul.

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* "—— nihil enim mali accidisse Scipioni puto; mihi accidit si quid accidit." I consider that no ill hath happened to *thee*; it is I only who suffer.—*Cicero de Amicitiâ.*

CHAPTER V.

REMARKS ON DENMARK.

About the middle of the seventeenth century, the constitution of Denmark underwent a sudden and remarkable change. The supreme power which had been usurped by the nobles, was torn from them by the clergy and commons, and vested absolutely in the king. I am well assured that there are now no hereditary titles, though I have seen the contrary stated by several authors. The nobility is entirely composed of officers and courtiers, who are created counts or barons for life. The king is very

nearly absolute, but governs with so mild a sway that power is unfelt, and tyranny unknown. Could we always ensure so gentle a rule, there is no form of government so well adapted to the interests of a nation as an absolute monarchy. But it is never well to be entirely dependent on the caprices of a mortal and fallible being. The danger and advantages of such a system are well illustrated by the present position of two neighbouring Italian states. The Grand Duke of Tuscany is a mild inoffensive monarch, who is ever alive to the interests and happiness of his people, and by them, in return, is respected and beloved. His subjects enjoy all the blessings of freedom, with the conscious security derived from an united government. They are not disturbed by the ferment of *elections*, nor harassed by interested patriotism. The Duke of Modena, on the other hand, instigated, it may be, by the fear of revolt, imprisons and beheads his subjects to the number of a dozen a day. His wealth is derived

from the plunder of his people, by the confiscation of their estates. Within his dominions e n live in continual terror; contempt is their only refuge, for even misery and misfortune do not make them always secure.

The Danes are a peaceable and contented race; satisfied with the freedom they possess, they are not decoyed by illusory visions of imaginary liberty. But not long since, however, in consequence of a threatened restraint upon the press, which was beginning to verge into licentiousness, some riots occurred in Copenhagen, and the Chancellor was actually pelted with stones—which, in that country, where such occurrences are rare, and mobs are allowed to have no influence, is considered a great indignity.

It is the opinion of some of the resident English, that were serious tumults to break out, the Danes would be found to be very savage barbarians.

I may mention that in the palace of Christians-

burg is a good collection of paintings of the Dutch and Flemish schools.

There is nothing fine in the churches of Copenhagen. The new church, which is frequented by the king, is a chaste and simple edifice that will hereafter be visited by many travellers, as it is intended to contain the Christ and Apostles of Thorwaldsen. Casts of these statues were placed in the building when I went over it, and the Christ had already arrived, but was not then set up in the place it is intended to occupy, at the altar. I was, however, fortunate in being permitted to see it, and have seldom beheld a piece of sculpture that could affect and charm so deeply. The attitude is easy and dignified, the arms slightly extended, the countenance noble and engaging, and the whole figure winning, softened, touching—breathing love and benevolence to man. On the pedestal are these words in Danish, that express more than Phidias or Praxiteles could have figured in marble:

"Come unto me."

I do not pretend to argue with those critics whose minds are so schooled that they never suffer themselves to be seduced into admiration by the beauty displayed in the conception and design, and general effect, of an object; but who, with stern scrutiny, survey it inch by inch, in hopes of discovering a flaw, which if they do not find they will fancy, and who deny themselves much pleasure, because they conceive it betokens greater superiority to discover a failing than to acknowledge an excellence. These connoisseurs will tell you that the arms of Thorwaldsen's statue are clumsy; that the want of proportion, or the slightest excess, in any part neutralizes the effect of the whole, and, in short, debases the entire work.

I have heard a man, who was afflicted with this unfortunate superiority of mind, assert that the whole Cathedral of Milan was rendered a contemptible building, which pained him to behold, by a plain square belfry, that disfigures a part of the roof. It is an unhappy truth, that

the more refined and sensitive we become, the more exposed are we to feelings of annoyance and disgust. Obtuseness of perception may deny us many pleasures, but it preserves us from much uneasiness. It is better, sometimes, to be unable to discriminate beauties than to be ever keenly awake to those slight irregularities the discovery of which is so painful as to absorb the thoughts, and prevent them from dwelling upon parts that deserve admiration. Let not the multitude think that an acute sensibility, an extreme delicacy of feeling, or refinement of imagination, are very enviable qualities: Marsyas, or St. Bartholomew, would have been agonized by the motions of a fly, which, to a thick-skinned peasant, would have given no disagreeable sensations.

Thorwaldsen is now, Canova being no more, the first sculptor of the day. He is a Dane by birth, but early left his native country, and repaired to Rome, where his genius procured him riches, and where he yet lives in affluence

and esteem—which, in his case, singular to say, was *not* the consequence of wealth. He has never returned to Denmark since his youth, but promised the king to visit Copenhagen in the last autumn (1835), for the purpose of putting up the statues I have mentioned. These great works will pass down to posterity, memorials of the genius of Thorwaldsen the Dane.

I could not hope to be excused, were I in this place to attempt to discriminate betwixt the merits of sculpture and painting; I think, however, the majority of those who have had the opportunity of beholding the best works of each art, will admit that it is impossible to give to blank marble that expression and concentration of beauty which is attained by the happy conjunction of a variety of colours. But it is in the gracefulness of outline, in that elegance of attitude which is so peculiarly winning, and in that extraordinary lightness, and softness, and seeming pliancy which the wonderful skill of

the artist has drawn from the shapeless mass of unyielding stone, that the excellency and greatness and astonishing powers of sculpture will be found. It is most probable that no works of Phidias or Praxiteles now exist; but do the rarest specimens of statuary that may yet be seen, affect us with that profound satisfaction and absorbing pleasure, which the productions of Correggio, Raffael, or da Vinci inspire? They do not me.

The religion of Denmark is the original Lutheran, which is now to be found only in the northern countries of Europe. I shall not say much of its doctrines, which differ not widely from those of our own church; nor of its forms and ceremonies, which also are not greatly dissimilar, although some of these still smack of a Roman Catholic origin: thus, on different occasions, the priest wears a variety of showy robes, and much imposing display is at times made to dazzle or attract. I confess that I do not object to many ceremonials of the

Roman Catholic worship, which are well calculated to give impressiveness to devotion. It is singular, however, that the Catholics should be unable to distinguish between the ludicrous and the imposing. As all their endeavour is to produce effect, we cannot but wonder that dignity and solemnity should, in their worship, be so constantly mixed up with that which is grossly absurd.

They decidedly have the advantage over us in the freedom of their churches and cathedrals from pews. There is nothing very impressive in seeing a body of worshippers disappear under the shade of their wooden walls, or to find some rows of heads just raised above their edge; but, in a large and open space to behold a concourse of people suddenly fling themselves prostrate in adoration at the raising of the host—this is a sight that strongly affects the imagination. It is all very well to talk about cool appeals to the judgment being preferable to attacks upon the imagination—win *this*, and you have already

half won the other. But as this is a disquisition that will not be attended with much profit, I forsake it, and return to subjects that more immediately belong to these pages.

Some of the fast days are observed very strictly by the Lutherans. When the sacrament is administered in the churches, the people attend in their best apparel; those of rank coming in full dress, and the ladies without bonnets; and every female, except those of the very lowest class, makes a point of riding, on that occasion, in a carriage, or some vehicle in the nature of one.

The Danish women, in general, are very pretty —not dignified, or majestic, or handsome, but very pretty; they have small features, good eyes, fair complexions, and beautiful hair, which they are particularly proud of, and usually wear in a style of simplicity that is very pleasing and becoming. They have some taste for music, and take great delight in the guitar. They dress with neatness and taste, though plainly.

The lower classes appear to be, and I believe are, modest, orderly, and virtuous.

The men, from the highest to the lowest, are invariably kind, hospitable, courteous, honest, and honourable; solicitous to please, without ostentation; and polite, without design or extravagant display. They that talk of the "barbarians of the north" would be surprised to find in the Danes more real politeness than is to be met with in any other nation of the world, except the Swedes, and the Red Indians of America. The French have perhaps the least real politeness, with the greatest affectation of it. A Frenchman is the most thoroughly selfish animal in the world; and, as true politeness consists in a ready attention to the wants, and a jealous regard of the feelings of others, in benevolence of spirit, and, sincerity of heart, it is impossible for a Frenchman to be more than ceremonially polite.

The rental of houses in Copenhagen is high. It is a common custom for several families to

reside in one house, each occupying a floor; and some of the floors of very ordinary-looking houses, let, I was informed, for about sixty pounds a-year. In a large house, the habitation of a German prince, who has married a Danish princess, there are five or six other families resident; and the ground floor consists of shops, where oranges, cheeses, &c. are sold.

Having now seen as much as I wished of Copenhagen, I resolved to sail in the steam-boat which goes about once a week to Gottenburg, in Sweden, and proceeds thence to Christiana, the capital of Norway. I determined to disembark at the former place, and, as I intended to perform the rest of my journey entirely on foot, I deposited my heavy baggage with my landlord at Copenhagen, and placed only a few necessaries in a knapsack that I had purchased.

The steam-boat belongs to the king of Norway and Sweden: in Denmark there is only one, and that the king's private yacht. Both these

vessels were purchased from the English, and are managed by English engineers. It is only very lately that even the French have ventured to appoint engineers of their own nation; all the iron work and steam apparatus is still, in all countries of Europe, procured from England or Scotland. It is amusing to hear the French give the words of command; they are so familiarised with those in English that they have invented no French terms of corresponding significancy, but still call out—"Stop her! back her! ease her!" &c. as the occasion requires.

We departed from Copenhagen in the evening, and passed out close to the celebrated Crown Battery, which is a low fort before the town. The sail down the sound is very beautiful: evening came on as we approached Elsinore, where we touched for a few minutes, and then directed our course up the Skaggerack. Although I can safely assure the reader that I was, during a great part of this night, em-

ployed in a much less agreeable manner than in the composition of poetry, I will venture to transcribe here a few verses which, in the days of my youth, I had composed in honour of—

THE SEA.*

Welcome! welcome ye mountains blue
That rise above the main!
My stormy spirit leaps to view
Your cloud-capp'd heads again.

Welcome! welcome! thou thunder-cloud,
Careering in thy pride!
My spirit quits its clay-built shroud,
And flashes by thy side.

But welcome most, thou foaming sea!
With spirit wild as mine;
My soul, if drooping, melts in thee,
Or, soaring, blends with thine.

Thou hast a charm when sunset glowing
Has tinged thy breast with red—
And lingering evening stays, bestowing
A smile upon thy bed.

* These verses were published in *Fraser's Magazine* for September 1834, in a paper entitled "The Maelstrom."

Thou hast a charm when Darkness flings
Her shadow o'er thy might;
And each glad wave, low murmuring, sings
Its welcome-hymn to Night;—

When Earth lies hushed within her shroud,
And thou, with sullen moan,
Hold'st converse with the night-wind loud,
Or keep'st thy watch alone.

Thou hast a charm when tempests roar,
And thunders rock the deep—
When mountain billows whelm the shore,
And whirlwinds o'er thee sweep—

When heaven is black, and hoarse blasts rattle,
And lightnings mock thy gloom,
And white waves, leaping, crash in battle,
And reel into their tomb—

Then laughs the soul to twine with thee,
And revels in thy form;
For oh thou art, majestic sea!
Magnificent in storm.

CHAPTER VI.

THE POETRY AND PHILOSOPHY OF TRAVEL.

To wish for improvement is a characteristic of man, and his peculiar attribute. To struggle through difficulties to attain it, distinguishes the powerful mind from the weak, the daring and active from the timid and vacillating. All learning is irksome, all toil displeasing, but the vigorous look only to the goal, and dash through the obstacles in the way; whilst the feeble are intimidated and shrink from adventuring. Before some minds, all difficulties seem to bend; before others, to magnify. The strong become

stronger, the feeble more helpless, when opposed.

Difficulties are like bullies, threatening at a distance, but smoothening wonderfully when approached. There is *nothing* that enterprise may not attempt and resolution accomplish. To learn a new language requires exertion, and the indolent remain ignorant; to seek distant and little frequented regions, demands enterprise, and the timid sit patiently by their hearths.

The majority of Englishmen travel for variety —to escape the monotony of existence. There are some who go to learn the customs and manners of other countries; who wonder and pass on, discontented when present, but when returned home, full of the superior advantages of that which they have seen. There are some who go to observe and to comment, to compare what they enjoy at home with what they find abroad, that they may better understand, and appreciate and apply the advantages they possess in the immediate sphere of their calling.

To roll over Europe in a closed carriage, with guides, and attendants, and interpreters, brings no improvement;—all roads are alike, when paved with gold. The traveller must be buffeted to be instructed; the luxurious must encounter privation, the imperious contradiction; the powerful must be taught his weakness, the learned his ignorance, the wealthy the vanity of riches. Difficulties and hardships are wonderful refiners; by them we are sifted and tried; the little good we possess is made apparent; we are shewn the dregs, and may cast them away if we please. By travel our absurdities, follies and peculiarities are constantly rebuked; by travel we are taught to think better of others and more justly of ourselves; we find that there is more good in the world than we supposed it to contain; we are enabled to step aside, as it were, and behold some of our own faults, which we should never have known had we dwelt always under their shade.

They that live continually on one spot,

making their own limited sphere their world, are but in too great danger of becoming narrow-minded and selfish. The habits, the wishes, the wants which are confined to the little circle of private society, close up the heart against more extended benevolence; and the thoughts of him who is accustomed to no wider range soon centre wholly in self. It may be, that by pleading the absorbing affection he feels for his children, by resting upon them the whole solicitude and anxiety of life, he hopes to escape the charge of selfish actions and concentrated thoughts; but the intensity of love *is only a plausible selfishness;* he may convince himself, but he cannot others, of the disinterestedness of his conduct, and the greatness of his benevolence. Besides, it is not well to allow our happiness to become entirely dependent on the few objects which such confined intercourse makes us fancy essential to the enjoyment of life; it is not well, in the inconstancy of human affairs, to place our affections too intensely upon

any thing mortal or transitory. We ought to have a love and a feeling more diffusive, so that when deprived of one stay, we may not be wholly levelled with the dust, but may feel that there still remain other objects to live for.

The mind of man was not meant to be cramped within walls, nor his good-will to be limited to a counted few. It is by viewing new scenes that his mind is extended, and by studying other characters that his philanthropy is increased. To rub off those asperities which are apt to grow upon our nature, to strengthen the understanding, to quicken benevolence—to enlarge the mind, and improve the heart—this should be the study of life.

All knowledge is comparative. We have no ideas of greatness, virtue or beauty, but from comparison. After satisfying our bare necessities, we have no consciousness of wants till we behold another's possessions;—in like manner, we can scarcely be aware of our own imperfections till we see the superiority of others. We

cannot weigh ourselves by ourselves; there must be something in the opposite balance. When we behold worth in another, we are reproved for the want of it in ourselves; the sight of a virtuous action excites us to imitation; traits of generosity, benevolence, magnanimity, kindle in us the desire to be equally illustrious—and one good deed is often the herald and the origin of others. So sluggish is the better part of our nature that we require to be continually reminded of our duty, and if we be not spurred to exertion by example we run great danger of wholly neglecting it. If then, we are so circumstanced as rarely to behold examples of virtue, we shall, most probably, as rarely afford them. Though much worth may be found in the narrow circle to which many restrict themselves, yet much more might be met with elsewhere. As every one is more or less the slave of prejudice, and has his peculiar failings, so men are apt to confine themselves to particular lines of conduct, and do good in one direction

whilst they neglect it in another. Now they would not fall into these omissions were they aware of them; and could they behold that practised by others which they themselves neglect, they would not fail to remedy their defectiveness, and become also, in this respect, equally laudable.

But there is another misfortune for those who thus chain themselves to one spot: they soon fancy that they know thoroughly all their acquaintance. To judge others correctly is the most difficult of all tasks; and such is our weakness that, when thus circumstanced, we are certain either to despise or over-estimate our associates. We can only measure them by ourselves, for we have no other standard; could we compare them with the rest of the world we should think of them differently. Now, we are very likely to measure the good we do, by that of the few persons we esteem; and as we probably consider them, in this respect, superior to ourselves, we shall scarcely feel called upon

to do as much as they. It is very probable, however, that, by our incorrect standard, instead of overrating, we undervalue all those about us; and if so, we soon become indifferent to their opinion; and society having ceased to inspire us with respect, we become wrapped up still more closely in our prejudices and errors, and still seldomer perform those duties in the exercise of which we rejoice in the sympathy of mankind, and expect to be duly appreciated by the world.

It will be said, that if we act rightly from a sense of religion, we shall not wish for the eye, nor seek the approbation of our fellow men; but alas! I fear it will be found that, whenever removed beyond the influence of society, their sense of religion but seldom spurs men to active exertion. Religious feelings are but too apt to decay when not kept alive by the usages of society.

If then, example be necessary to improvement; if instances of virtue be required to promote virtue in us; if we become regardless

of the opinion of those whom we cannot admire or esteem; and form erroneous estimates of others whose opinions may lead us astray—it becomes imperative upon us, by mixing more with mankind, to seek for greater strength of judgment and enlargement of understanding.

The human heart is like the tent of the Arabian prince, which when closed could lie in the palm of the hand, but which increased in magnitude according to the number of men it was needed to cover. The heart will become as contracted if it be not carefully stored, but will dilate into boundless expansion when occupying the breast of the great and the good. Nothing warms or expands it more than to view mankind in all the various situations of life. To see virtue struggling with poverty and contempt must awaken some self-accusations, and incite to amendment;—to receive at the hands of those whom, for their inferiority we despised, instances of generosity and liberality that *we* never exhibited, must overwhelm us with confusion,

and teach us to judge, in future, with caution;—to read in a hundred others the sentiments we had deemed peculiar to ourselves, must lessen our self-esteem, and make us think more humbly of our talents, and more worthily of mankind.

It is the improvement which we thus derive, that constitutes the *philosophy of travel.* Its *poetry* consists in those fresh and graceful hues which the survey of beautiful objects impaints upon the mind and the imagination. Whatever removes the thoughts from self, gives also an additional richness and value to the mind; and when are we lifted so far above the grossness of materiality, as when we view, with dilated heart and elevation of soul, the glorious majesty of the Creator displayed in the wonders of creation?

Our earth is a beautiful world, and to gaze around upon it, fills us with buoyant satisfaction; but when we come to examine it part by part; the herbage that adorns it—and each individual plant—how infinitely is our wonder increased!

Not a blade that we bruise beneath our feet but is capable of filling us with admiration. Yet if the beauty by which we are surrounded has become so familiar as to cease to affect us, let us seek elsewhere, amidst unusual scenes, in the magnificence of nature, or the witchery of her loveliness, for those emotions which shall lift us from sordidness and self, and fill us with sublime and undefinable pleasure. There is improvement in the foam of a waterfall, in the loveliness of a lake, in the majesty of a mountain.

Whatever affects us strongly, gives a new tint to the mind—if the tints be beautiful, the mind must be adorned. This is the poetry of travel. It gives an additional glow to the heart; a finer susceptibility of the beauties of nature; an expanded imagination, and an increased variety of thought. To be affected at all, keeps open the sources of those more generous sympathies which are but too soon dried up by the engrossments of the world, or obscured by the weeds which grow over them.

The character of the mind is greatly dependent on the scenes amid which it is placed. In silence and solitude it is calm and contemplative; thoughts and feelings which never would have been experienced in the tumult of the world and the whirl of society, find their way to the surface in the loneliness of retirement, and tinge the mind with a new richness and grace. But let it be placed in scenes of disturbance and excitement, and it assumes another hue. In the ennobling stir of the elements it is exalted:—when danger presses, it becomes active, vigorous, and ready. Although in solitude it would have been pensive and placid, yet forced into action by the peculiarity of circumstances, it becomes heated, soaring, and restless. Many a fool, had he possessed the advantages of others naturally scarce more vigorous than himself, would have turned out no despicable character; and many a man of parts, had he not been compelled to activity by the accidents of fortune, would have passed through life little better than a fool.

The mind, like a great kingdom, derives its chief power from itself. Few men have turned out weak who have been much left to themselves in early life. It is they who have never had it in their power to reflect, because never forced to reflection—they that have been early drawn within the vortex of society, and had but few moments to themselves, that betray the greatest vacancy of thought and worthlessness of conduct.

The advantages of Solitude being apparent in the lessons she teaches, it is scarcely necessary to add, that it would not be amiss were the youth of our great families occasionally turned loose in Norway, and left to find their way through the country as they might:—they would come out in no slight measure tried, sifted, and refined.

But I will dwell no longer on the advantages of travel; I have begun what others, if they please, may enlarge and carry out, and I will content myself with concluding this chapter in

the words of two very extraordinary men:— "Peregrination charms our senses with such unspeakable and sweet variety, that some count him unhappy that never travelled, a kinde of prisoner, and pitty his case, that from his cradle to his old age beholds the same still; still, still the same, the same."* "Conversation with men is of very great use, and travel into foreign countries of singular advantage; not to bring back an account only of how many paces *Santa Ronda* is in circuit; or of the richness of Signora Livia's attire; or, as some others, how much Nero's face in a statue in such an old ruin, is longer and broader than that made for him at such another place; but to be able chiefly to give an account of the *humours, manners, customs, and laws* of those nations where he has been."†

* Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy, Part II. sect. 2.

† Montaigne, Essay on Education.

CHAPTER VII.

SWEDEN.

In approaching Gottenburg (by the Swedes spelt Goteborg) we have to sail for some distance through a narrow channel of low, round, detached rocks. We came to an anchor in a small harbour, in which was some shipping, before a long line of wooden houses, which I imagined to represent the town; but on getting into the boat, we had to row at least a mile along a narrow arm of the sea, with a continuation of these wooden houses, which were chiefly painted red, on one side, and, on the other, barren rocks,

with here and there a fertile spot of ground at their foot, until we arrived at the new town. This is of brick, generally whitewashed, so as to give it rather a neat appearance.

We had no sooner landed than the custom-house officers proceeded to ransack the baggage of all those that possessed any; and when I was asked for my trunks and boxes, it was not without a twinge, which however I scorned, whilst I acknowledged, that I extended an arm from beneath my cloak, and produced my humble knapsack. "Is this all, Sir?" demanded the officer with a stare. "Yaw," I answered, in the Swedish affirmative, and with a stern resolve to subdue such ridiculous pride, but I immediately swelled out with a haughtiness and arrogance of bearing, that might have become the owner of all the boxes and trunks which had arrived by the steam-boat. Alas for the weakness of nature, and the dominancy of vanity! But I must say, that I was immediately ashamed of this affectation, and strove

to humble my looks before the man of authority. As a penance, I carried my knapsack myself through the town to the hotel, and gave a sailor a rix dollar (about a shilling) to carry my cloak, and shew me the way.

The principal inn, called Todd's Hotel, is a dirty and execrable place, and if I knew of any other I would certainly recommend it, but the interior of all the houses of this town seems to be dirty and uninviting; three or four families usually occupy each, and have the stairs in common. Towards the west of the town is an old round tower, very rude, but situated on a large rock which commands a very beautiful prospect. Below us is the town, built partly on rocks, and beyond it the arm of the sea up which we had sailed, and which is in fact the mouth of the river Gota, that runs winding far into a bed of mountains, whose broken outlines, here prominent in the sunshine, and there shrinking into the depths of their own gloom, compose a delightful perspective.

In visiting Sweden, I had no particular route sketched out. I considered that if a foreigner wished to take a glance at our own country, it would matter little whether he landed at Hull, and walked thence to Manchester, or at Dover, and walked, by some eccentric course, to Bristol. The manners and customs of the people would be found pretty much alike in all parts. Of one thing, however, I was determined—*to walk.* It is but a faint idea that we catch of a nation when we never quit the high road, and never study character but at an inn. I was therefore resolved to turn myself loose, as it were, upon the country, and trust to accident for accommodation and an acquaintance with the various classes of society. It is not by the upper classes that the character of a nation is to be decided; the higher ranks are much alike in all European countries; it is the middle and lower orders that give the tone to nationality, and, with these I was resolved to become acquainted. If a traveller seek only to reach a particular point, he

will find walking to be in Sweden the most expensive mode of progression; he may post through the country at the rate of less than half-a-crown for thirty miles; and, as he will travel by that means at least sixty miles a day he has only half the number of nights to spend upon the road. The mode of travelling is by a little gig, rudely constructed of unpainted wood, and drawn by a small rough horse; a man accompanies the traveller to drive back the vehicle from the next stage.

At Gottenburg I was compelled to receive, rather than take, a new passport. In Italy and the southern countries of Europe we tolerate this nuisance, because we feel that some kind of permission is necessary before we can tread the hallowed ground of classic antiquity; but in the wretched countries of the north the annoyance is keenly felt; and here, where least needed, the regulation is most rigidly enforced. The system of passports is introduced, it is pretended, to be a check upon evil-disposed persons, but

such individuals would never think of visiting Norway or Sweden; they do not wish to walk off with pine-trees or rocks—the only productions of the country. No; this system was introduced by a wise, though inhospitable government, to wring from strangers and guests that revenue which the poverty of their own subjects cannot afford.

I remained two days at Gottenburg, and then resolved to plunge into the terra incognita of the interior. It was noon on the third day after my landing, towards the close of April, that I shouldered my knapsack, seized my staff, and sallied from the hotel. As I proceeded up the street, I felt that the eyes of the whole town were upon me; every voice that spoke I fancied was passing a criticism on my remarkable appearance; and many times I heard persons behind me who undoubtedly were speaking of no other than myself, "because," as *Scrub* says, "they laughed consumedly." Frequently did I wish, in bitterness of spirit, that my

knapsack were at the bottom of the Gota, or still farther off, and I as often half resolved to return to the inn and purchase a carriage, and so proceed like other travellers; but at last I got outside the town; no impertinent eye was found to stare, and I began to breathe more freely, and walk with more satisfaction.

I had determined to travel up the banks of the Gota, at least so far as the Falls of Trollhattau.

I walked along stoutly the whole of the afternoon, chewing the cud of several curious reflections. On either side the road nothing was to be seen but barren rocks and the broad winding river; no trees, no cattle, no pasture, and very few cottages. After having walked about fifteen English miles, I arrived within view of Kongelf, a small town on the other side the river, I being on the eastern bank. On a rock of some eminence are the remains of an old fortification, which, however, is not very interesting, though its situation is picturesque; behind this ruin,

and almost hid in a vale, is the town of Kongelf. Looking up the river, which, bounded by lofty rocks, resembles an extensive lake, is a beautiful picture; and several white sails, which at that time were visible, gave it variety and cheerfulness.

I walked about five miles beyond Kongelf, when I came to a small inn, the post-house, by the road side, where I determined, as the evening was already advanced, to remain for the night. In studying the Swedish language, as I studied the Danish, I had made a practice of writing down the words and most necessary sentences as they were pronounced, and I had now no difficulty in asking for a bed and ordering supper; in fact, it was much more easily ordered than obtained or eaten. I was in a low, cold, miserable room, the floor of which was strewed with chopped fir leaves, which generally throughout Sweden do the duty of a carpet. They are chopped very small and sprinkled about like sand, giving, however, neither the appearance nor

the reality of comfort; and, in the present instance, there being no fire, and no stove to afford one, I was fain to sit in my cloak as the only chance of attracting a little warmth. But external starvation was not the only risk that I ran; I could procure nothing to eat but eggs and boiled milk, which, in the state of my appetite, after having walked more than twenty miles, were by no means satisfactory. Had I been able to obtain some tolerable bread, I should have done very well, but nothing of that description was to be had save the execrable bread of the country, which I here tasted for the first time, and then heartily hoped it might be the last; which unfortunately it was not. It is as hard as, and about the thickness of, slate, and is manufactured in great quantities at a time, insomuch that one baking serves for several months. The cakes being properly hardened, are hung up to the kitchen ceiling, and taken down as occasion requires. Were they nothing but oaten cakes they would be well

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enough, but the natives contrive to give them also the most execrable flavour they could possibly infuse. Some people, who are familiar with the taste, conceive it to be that of turpentine; and, as the bark or leaves of the fir are frequently mixed with the dough, such may possibly be the case. If an Englishman can imagine himself to be eating thin slices of fir-boards, boiled in a strong tincture of soap, he may have some idea of the detestable composition I have been describing. In the south of Sweden, where the people are very poor, this is the usual food, but farther north, though this kind of bread is not there unknown, they have a substitute rather more palatable. Some palates are naturally blunter than others, and I have heard even Englishmen state that, after a time, they could eat of this bread with something like relish! but for my part, though sharply pressed by hunger, I have never been able to swallow more than two or three mouthfuls, thickly covered with butter, and then, not without the greatest disgust.

After my miserable supper, I retired into the next room to a bed that was not much superior, and soon, in the consolations of sleep, received amends for those petty privations which annoy but little more than they amuse.

The next morning I arose betimes, and walked to a village of three houses, called Kattleborg, about eight miles distant from the place where I had slept, in the hopes of getting a tolerable breakfast, but it proved to be only a repetition of the fare of the preceding evening—eggs and milk, and the same delightful bread. I was therefore constrained to follow the advice of a celebrated physician, who, on other occasions, has seldom made me a convert to his opinions, and rose up from table with an appetite.

During two days of easy walking, I passed through a most romantic country, in which I beheld every variety of scenery that could give beauty and charm to the prospect; a constant succession of hill and vale, and rocks innumerable, of all shapes and dimensions, and frequent

forests of pine or fir, with the ever-winding Gota continually beside me, though sometimes hid from view by the high projecting rocks which turned the road from the river, and forced it to wind round their base. The scenery is not unlike that of the Wye, but on a nobler and more extensive scale; in my opinion it is superior to any thing that may be met with on the Rhine—a river whose beauties have been ridiculously exaggerated by legendary gentlemen, women, and poets of every calibre.

A great quantity of timber is floated down the Gota from the Lake Wenern; it finds its way to Goteborg without any superintendence, men being stationed at different points of the river, whose duty it is to push again into the stream such parts of the timber as have been drifted ashore.

In passing through the pine-woods, or forests, I met with frequent ant-hills, sometimes as large as a good-sized haycock; they were composed of fibres of fir or pine leaves, but the ants

swarmed so thickly from the top to the bottom of these nests, that the whole structure seemed to be alive, and to be composed chiefly of myriads of restless insects. Sometimes, before we come within many yards of the colony, we meet with a stream of ants journeying in its direction; the whole surface of the ground in the neighbourhood is frequently covered with them, and, indeed, it is difficult to find a spot any where entirely free, for I never sat down in the open air without having to brush some away from the stone or trunk on which I meant to repose. They are commonly the black ant, larger than any species that I have seen in this country.

I may mention that at a place called Girdhem, where I spent a night, I met with excellent entertainment,—beef-steaks, good soup, and several other things, among which, eatable bread was not the least prized. There were two dishes also that I often afterwards met with, and which are held by the natives in some esteem; one consisted of thin slices of a kind of sausage, and the

other a composition of eggs, something like an omelet. I was wont to take a little of each separately, but had no great affection for either, till accident showed me that they were meant to be eaten together, and then they made rather a plausible compound.

I was not far from the Falls of Trollhatta (spelt Trollhattau), and should have reached them very speedily had I not missed the road, and wandered within three or four miles of the town of Weversborg, at the southern extremity of the great Lake Wenern. By good fortune, however, I fell in with an Englishman domesticated in the country, who informed me of my error, and invited me to his house. He was fishing in a spot where the river is crossed by a wooden bridge, and where many rocky islands and bays, whose sides were clothed with trees, formed a very beautiful scene. I was standing on the bridge admiring the spot, when the fisherman attracted my notice, and I addressed him, and inquired the way to Trollhatta. I

then discovered that he was a fellow-countryman. He told me that this was the best river for fish in all Sweden; and the day preceding he had caught with a trolling line three salmon, which together weighed eighty-seven pounds.

Except to a devoted sportsman, there are few inducements to reside in Sweden. Besides bears and wolves, in the woods there is abundance of game, that chiefly consists of the black-cock, called in Sweden the *orre*, and the celebrated cock of the woods, called there the *tjäder*, and by the English and Scotch the capercali.

The Englishman conducted me to his house, which was close at hand; it was of two stories, whitewashed, and had a neat and cheerful appearance externally, but within looked cold, unfurnished, and comfortless. A number of English books, maps, prints, and newspapers, showed that the owner was not dependent solely on the chase for amusement; whilst guns, intended for

various kinds of game, fishing-rods, reels and lines, relieved the walls from their original blankness, or were bestowed on chairs seldom needed for other occupants.

CHAPTER VIII.

TROLLHATTAU.

WHILE at dinner with my host, who, though in the wilds of Sweden, retained the manners and some of the customs of an English gentleman, I heard a loud pit-patting and bounding noise, as of some immense beast rushing up the stairs. As the door remained ajar, I could not help looking towards it rather uneasily, but my host assured me, with a smile, that it was nothing but the wolf coming up stairs! This explanation, however, instead of being entirely satisfactory, excited a nervous sensation that

caused me to grasp my knife with a tenacious clutch; for the idea flashed across me, that though this reclaimed monster might be very civil to those with whom he lived in daily familiarity, still, the sight of a stranger would probably awaken his original propensities, and, in short, I might be worried, or at least receive very unpleasant laceration before his master could call off the cannibal. These reflections were not at all allayed by the appearance of the wretch, as with fiery eye and bristling back he bounded into the room, apparently as big as a fine bull calf, unless the haziness in my eyes tended to increase his stature; and certainly the very air of his nostrils seemed to say—"Fi, fo, fum, I smell the blood of an Englishman." He perambulated the room with many significant looks, and then, at my suggestion, was handed to the door by a female servant, who indignantly dismissed him down stairs without any apology. The beast was indeed as tame as any hound, but, for my part, I have no great confidence in

the discretion of such subjugated animals, and would rather hear of the power of man in this way than witness its effects. My host, however, was convinced of the perfect tameness of the creature, and said that he once had reared two young bear cubs, which even when full grown used to run familiarly about the kitchen and over the house; but one day chancing to stumble on an unfortunate pig, their virtue proved unable to resist the temptation, and, with little ceremony, they fell upon and devoured the forbidden flesh. Their cruel appetites, instead of being appeased, were only excited by this repast, and their roaring and furious demeanour terrified the domestics of the house so much, that they all ran and hid themselves in secret places; but not so their master, who being made aware of the tumult, immediately sallied forth into the yard, without any weapons, and with a stern aspect approached the bears, who were then working themselves into a vehement rage. But they soon acknowledged the influence of a

superior power, that reproached them with a stern and steady voice, and then, taking care not to strike or irritate, calmly seized them by their collars and walked them off to their respective kennels.

The wolves are little heeded by the Swedes or Norwegians, but the bears claim rather more respect; the former are a cowardly race, that flee away from any thing human, whilst the dogged nature of Bruin makes him often disdain a retreat, and the appearance of hostility only rouses him to anger.

Perhaps it may not be amiss to state—and I do not think that these details can wound any feeling, since they are made only to illustrate the mode and expense of living in the country of which I write—that part of the furniture of this house, I mean some of the chairs, had cost the owner about three pence apiece of English money; and the table on which we dined, about two shillings. The rental of the house, which was really a good one, and garden, was rather

under ten pounds per annum; women servants' wages are about two pounds a year, and the wages of a man something more.

My entertainer showed me his snow shoes or skates, strips of wood six or seven feet in length and only three or four inches broad, the fronts turned up a good deal as in the skates of our own country. The occupant of these machines can travel over the surface of the snow with great rapidity, but the motion is not graceful, and though swift must be rather laborious. In descending a steep hill, it requires some skill to preserve the balance, and a man in those circumstances must bear some analogy to an adventurer descending a Lapland rapid—a feat that is accomplished in a narrow boat with a very high prow and stern. But the danger is certainly not so great upon congealed as on liquid water. The Laplander, if his boat in its descent over the fall happen to touch on a rock or stone, it is doomed to inevitable destruction; the torrent rushes along, swift as a ray

of light—there is no time for thought, scarcely for an eye to twinkle, when once in the rapids—and over she goes, to destruction or triumph. Strange though it may seem, the Laplanders contrive to ascend these fearful places, by pushing their boat along with poles, and by clinging to the rocks at the side.

The house of which I have been speaking is in a beautiful situation; the river makes a sweep just below it, and has a noble appearance with its high wooded bank on the opposite side. It is here a quarter of a mile broad. On the other side the house, bounding the prospect, is a lofty range of basaltic rocks, which are, in many parts, crowned with pine trees. There is here a society of Swedish families, but no Englishman is resident within a day or two's journey. Beautiful as is the scenery of the neighbourhood, and many as are the advantages to a sportsman, it appeared to me to afford but a dreary existence, so far removed from the sympathies of friendship, and those refinements and pleasures which more

cultivated society bestows. The stillness of the solitude seemed to be meant for the spot

"Where ever-musing melancholy dwells."

This place is situated about seven miles north of Trollhatta. Thither I retraced my steps. It is a curious little village; the houses are all (except the new inn) of wood, painted red, and scattered about as confusedly as possible. There are saw-mills here; and a considerable quantity of timber is sawn into planks and embarked in vessels that convey them down the Gota to Gottenburg, where they are shipped off to various parts of Europe.

The mills, which are moved by water, are common to all parts of the country, and, as may be supposed, contain no great complication of machinery. Whoever wishes to see such mills in perfection, must visit one of our dock-yards, where the saws are impelled by steam, and where great numbers working together, of various shapes and sizes, are made to convert

immense logs of timber into thin boards in a wonderfully short time. It is indeed a curious sight to behold so many machines all working away (when not a human being, perhaps, is in the room but the spectator), unimpelled by human hands, and striving, as it were, like friendly genii, to lighten the labours of man. In my opinion, the wonderful inventions of science affect the imagination more strongly (because their utility is at once apparent), and impress us with a greater idea of the superiority of reason, than the elegant writings and beautiful thoughts of literary genius, or even the profoundest speculations of ennobling philosophy.

But the canal of Trollhatta, cut for some distance through a bed of rock in order to avoid the Falls, is looked upon, in these countries, as the greatest effort of human skill and perseverance.

I heard a silly Norwegian lady once say, that there were only two things she particularly pined

to see—which for a woman seemed moderate enough—and these were the canal of Trollhatta, and the kingdom of France! I record this speech only because it expresses the wishes of many others besides the person I heard make use of it. As may be supposed, there are not many works of art in Sweden or Norway, and for aught I know, this canal may be the greatest ever accomplished in those kingdoms; the people take much delight in speaking of it, and think very lightly of those who are not equally enraptured. Then again, having a French king and queen, whose native language is commonly spoken at court, a faint kind of enthusiasm for France, and whatever relates to her, has spread itself through the educated ranks, who begin to think a knowledge of French to be an almost indispensable accomplishment.

That undoubtedly which struck me most at Trollhatta was the Fall; it was the first of any importance I had yet seen, and though at first sight I was greatly disappointed, still the

immense volume of water that rushes through the rocks affords a very imposing spectacle. There is no height of precipitation; it is a slide rather than a fall, and of these there are several in succession. If I were to compare it with others that I have since seen, I should be doubtful where to rank it, as it is of rather a peculiar character; there is also difficulty in getting a good view of it. The Fall of the Rhine near Schaffhausen is broader and perhaps finer; the Giesbach on the Lake of Brientz in Switzerland is more picturesque; and the fall at the Devil's Bridge, near St. Gothard, is in a much grander spot.

Poor Inglis was much struck with this fall; indeed, he had walked through a good part of Norway without seeing any of importance, and therefore paid much attention to this. I had never read his work on these countries till I returned from visiting them; I then had pleasure in comparing our observations, and if others do the same they will find that we differ in some degree in our account of this fall. The

fact is, I believe Inglis wrote his description chiefly from memory, and his mention of an "abyss," and a "dreadful gulf which the eye dares not fathom," when in fact there is not even the resemblance to such places, confirms the conjecture.

The largest fall is close to the inn; it is not high, but the immense mass of pent waters rushing through the rocks that confine the channel, and tossing, and tumbling and roaring in foaming majesty, presents a noble appearance. There is a fine rock in the very centre of this fall, with pines or firs growing upon it. About fifty yards* below this fall is another; the water having triumphed over the first barrier goes careering away, seeming to rejoice in its freedom, and anticipating no further obstruction; it is greener than the deep sea, and though pervaded by veins of white foam, is smooth as glass, and glides along "rapid as the light." On reaching

* This distance is the guess of memory.

the second fall, the waters seem to sink, or part, in the centre, forming in the midst of the flood, a green, narrow chasm, into which the unbroken wave from either side curls sweeping. There is now an instant transition from smoothest green to tumultuous foam. An immense snow-drift is before us—so lightly dense that whilst it seems sufficiently massive to invite us to repose upon it, as on a heap of down, it is elegant as the most graceful fretwork, rising, heaving, and falling, and tossing and leaping in sportive wildness—and away it goes, a broad sheet of foam, chafing against the thousand rocks in its passage, and hurrying in search of a more peaceful channel.

I have copied the above description from a note that I made upon the spot, where I wrote with great attention to accuracy, taking care to embellish in no degree for the mere purpose of heightening the picture. It is a mere detail of facts, and whoever sits on the wooden bench erected above the second fall, will. I doubt not.

acknowledge the truth of the description. And yet, if the reader should have the curiosity to compare my Falls of Trollhatta with those of Mr. Inglis, he will exclaim that there is no similarity between them, and one of us must be in error. Perhaps not, at least, greatly; Mr. Inglis, I think, describes the *first* fall, whilst my imagination was more struck with the second.

I hope I shall not be thought to belong to that class of travellers whose chief study seems to be to contradict those who have preceded them; as I observed before, I had not read Inglis's account when mine was composed.

Poor Inglis! it is but in a slight matter that I have differed from you; in more important things I confess pride in coinciding. Let me pay here a passing tribute to the memory of a generous and liberal spirit, who, with the eye of extended philanthropy, was accustomed to survey mankind for the purpose of eliciting truth, and discovering the better qualities of human nature,

and not, like the narrow-minded slave of prejudice and ignorance, with the sole aim of exposing its faults and weaknesses. Inglis was an author truthful, just, dispassionate; commanding a graceful and elegant pen; sound in principle, sober in argument, elated by no idle vanity, cautious in condemning, and never backward to praise; honourable, true, simple-hearted.

Who will be so hardy as to raise his voice against one that was superior to the paltry spirit of party malevolence, who never wrote what his conscience refused to sanction, and never had any enemies but those who are the common foes of all good and virtuous men? It may be, alas! that thine was not a happy life, wandering with restless feet over the world, in search of that peace which in the world is nowhere to be found. Perhaps thou *couldst* not rest; for to some minds every pause of inactivity is torture:—these are minds which have, in the spring time, perhaps, of life, been borne down beneath the shock of

some strong convulsion; which have felt the crushing force of damning disappointment, and have never been able to recover from the stroke; but for ever and ever thereafter are doomed to writhe beneath the curses of memory. The strongest minds full often feel the deepest, and retain the longest. Whatever they imbibe is clasped so closely that it grows into their nature, and becomes a part of their existence; and if, by the cruel crosses of the world, it be torn thence, it bears along with it a portion of that in which it was imbedded. There are thoughts and recollections which eat into and canker a strong mind, that would easily have been dismissed from the memory of an inferior spirit, as there are acids which destroy metals, and have no influence upon wood.

But, Inglis, we will hope that this evil blight was not upon thee; that thy travel through life was occasionally lighted by those sunny gleams which at times (albeit but seldom) burst through the clouds of existence, and irradiate the heart.

And yet, what recks it, whether thy sojourn here were spent in sorrow or joy, whether Fortune frowned on or caressed thee, if now be thine the riches and glories of immortality?

CHAPTER IX.

DYKALLA.

On a fine May morning, when the sun shone with much splendour, though the air was keen and bracing, I shouldered my knapsack, grasped my staff, and sallied forth from the inn of Trollhatta. I know few feelings so delightful as those with which a man is filled on such an occasion. What are to him the cares and anxieties of every-day life? He is affected by none of the distractions of conflicting parties, nor harassed by any of the troubles that are incident to business or greatness. All the

property for which he need now be solicitous is safe on his own back; there is none for whom to feel anxious but himself, and he is not likely to be much discomposed by the distant chance of misadventure. He has nothing, therefore, to do but enjoy whatever befall him; the succession of agreeable prospects keeps up his spirits in continual excitement, and at every rising hill he hastens his steps that he may behold some novel scene beyond. The doubts as to where and how he shall spend the night are speculations that tend to excite, rather than depress, his spirits, for the prospect of novelty is always engaging. Many a time, as with buoyant spirits, and elastic step, I inhaled the pure air of mountain scenery, have I felt far removed above the miseries that darken life, and all those numerous though petty evils, which, like shell-fish clinging to the trunk of some mighty tree that has been drifted into the ocean, encumber and disfigure it; and in joyousness of heart have hummed the blithe

song of the rogue Autolycus, in the Winter's Tale:—

"Jog on, jog on the foot-path way,
And merrily pent the stile-a,
A merry heart goes all the day—
Your sad tires in a mile-a."

Having walked about ten English miles, I came to the town of Wenersborg, which, at this time, presented a most lamentable spectacle. It had been burnt down about four months previously, by an accidental conflagration, and, as all the houses were of wood, the fire had been rapidly carried over every part of the town, of which a very small portion remained unconsumed. Blackened heaps of ruins met the eye in every direction, whilst here and there a few yards of brick wall, and now and then a solitary chimney, stood conspicuous. In the midst of this scene of desolation the church remained untouched; it seemed as though the remorseless flames had been repelled by the holiness of the spot, for they had approached it on every side, and yet passed by without daring

to injure. The scathed trunks were visible of trees which had lost all their branches, and silence and horror reigned undisturbed in this their city of ruin and ashes. In the outskirts of the town some houses had been already restored, and others were then being erected.

There is a good deal of shipping on the Lake Wenern, and the lake itself, from its great extent, and the tumult of its waves, has the appearance of a sea. They who travel through Wenersborg generally pass thence to Uddervalla, a town lying to the north-west of it, and thither also I had thought to go, but happened to mistake the road, and went in a north-east direction towards Almar, near the head of the lake.

The scenery on the borders of this lake is neither grand nor beautiful; it generally consists of low, round, greyish rocks, which have not height enough to be imposing, nor variety to be picturesque: it is, for the most part, a dreary and cheerless prospect.

As I had no particular object in view, I lost my way, (a misfortune that usually happened every day,) with the greatest indifference. As evening came on, however, I began to think that supper and shelter would not be unwelcome; and it was with considerable satisfaction that I at length discovered a village, lying about half a mile distant on the left of the road.

As I approached, it being then dusk, I beheld a man of better appearance than the boors of the country, striding across a field that adjoined the lane along which I was advancing; and, in spite of the forbidding aspect of a huge pair of mustachios, I ventured to address him in English and a language that was meant to be Swedish, and made him comprehend that I was in search of an inn, and bed, and supper. Understanding him to answer that he would show me a house where I could be accommodated, I accompanied him through the village, which seemed to be a miserable place, until, at a little distance beyond its limits,

we reached a comfortable dwelling of brick, that in our own country might be supposed to belong to a substantial farmer. The entrance to the house had folding doors, one of which happened to be already open, but my guide stepped forward and threw wide the other, as a token, it seemed, of hospitality and welcome. We entered, and proceeded through a passage into a large room, where my conductor shook me warmly by the hand, took my staff, and removed the knapsack from my back. In my stupidity, I conceived that the house was an inn, and that my guide, having now performed his promise, was about to take his departure, I therefore mustered the whole force of my Swedish learning, and returned him very sincere thanks for his politeness, and wished him a good evening. He did not depart, but made a long speech in reply, of which I could not understand a syllable; he concluded, however, with laying down his cap, which he held in hand, and soon afterwards left the room "on

hospitable thoughts intent." I now supposed him to be the landlord, and hastily ran after him, desiring him to let me have *aftenmaad* (supper) as speedily as possible. He smiled, gave me a friendly slap on the back (a frequent salutation in Sweden), and answered, "Yaw! yaw!"

Upon his return, which was not long delayed, a woman servant brought in a couple of meer-shaums, a bottle of corn-brandy, and two very small wine glasses. I can smoke a cigar in case of need, but to a pipe of any description I have very strong objections; I therefore carried with me a few of the former to be ready for an emergency, and now entered into action with as much zeal as could reasonably be expected from an hungry man. The brandy of Sweden, which is almost the only liquor drunk, is of the complexion of Irish whisky, and a very powerful spirit. Almost every house contains a private still, and the lower classes in particular are given to excessive indulgence in this favourite

potation; so much so, indeed, that their squalid and miserable appearance is entirely owing to their constant debaucheries. The superior ranks are more temperate, and, indeed, I have several times had occasion to be surprised at their abstinence.

I now discovered that my host knew a little of French, and that he was not an innkeeper, but in fact a private gentleman, and an officer in the militia. After a short time the tables were laid for supper; and the corn-brandy was removed to a side-table, on which were also placed bread, butter, and cheese. These articles, I found out afterwards, begin every repast, and are either eaten, standing, at a side-table, or in an ante-room to the *salle à manger*, but most commonly in the same apartment. A small quantity of brandy (which is never drunk diluted) is taken after the bread and cheese; this done, the parties sit down to the principal business of the hour. My entertainer was a man of about thirty, a strapping, handsome

fellow; opposite to him sat his father, who entered the room at supper-time, a fine, dignified, venerable man. It was pleasing to watch the respectful attention with which the son waited on the parent. I describe this evening's entertainment with some minuteness, because the scene was novel, and afterwards I observed such matters with less attention. Unlike the custom of most European countries, all the dishes were placed at once on the board. We began with boiled eggs, of which the Swedes ate two a piece, and seemed not very well pleased that I did not likewise. I made another mistake, too; the second dish was one that I have before treated of, consisting of slices of sausage and egg pudding: now I happened to have set my affections on something else, and rather slighted this compound, but the host continued to hold the dish to me with a surprised and half-displeased look, notwithstanding my bows of negation; and I began to comprehend that I was expected to eat of every thing

at the table, and therefore acceded to his entreaties without further resistance. Although I had conceived my appetite to be this evening of no ordinary measure, yet I made but a poor display by the side of the stout-hearted Swedes, who seemed to have endured the mortification of a week's fast, and now repaid themselves by the most severe assaults on an unfortunate sucking-pig and other delicacies with which the table was stored. Indeed, when the remains were at length allowed to effect their retreat from the room, my friends pursued them to the door with stern glances, that seemed to say they were not quite satisfied with having let them off so cheaply. In the middle of supper, milk was handed round in tumbler glasses, and was the only beverage introduced, except the corn-brandy, of which we each took another glass when the supper was concluded. After that we rose, and each carried off his chair to the wall behind him, and then returned towards the table, and bowed to his neighbours with the

greatest state and solemnity. This is the usual mode of concluding a meal when a stranger is present; when by themselves, of course, they are not so ceremonious, though every one walks off with his chair.

After we had smoked a short time, and entertained ourselves with a discourse that was sometimes intelligible and sometimes not, the young man arose, laid down his pipe, and seized the two silver candlesticks, and, bowing politely, preceded me to my apartment, leaving his poor old father to amuse himself as he might in the dark. When we reached the room intended for my repose, he shook me cordially by the hand, wished me good night, and retired, leaving both the candles behind him. The room was plain enough in regard to furniture, but contained a comfortable bed, with clean sheets, and, as is common even with the poorest householder both in Sweden and Norway, a warm down-feather bed above and below. This custom of having a feather-bed instead of a blanket above

you, is common enough in Germany, and is very agreeable in cold weather, but in mild is intolerable.

On the dressing-table was placed a jug of milk for my refreshment during the night. The next morning I was awakened, soon after five o'clock, by the entrance of a young girl with coffee and a kind of crisp cake or bread, twice baked, not unlike our *rusks* (I believe they are called). This custom of taking coffee before we rise is also frequent in Germany and the Netherlands. In the present instance I took it into my head that I should be expected to resume my journey as soon as I had swallowed the coffee; and having desired the damsel to set down the things and betake herself out of the room, I reared my reluctant limbs from the soft bed, and set about enrobing myself; all the time complaining bitterly of the inhospitality of the Swedes.

There was not so much coffee but that I despatched it without the slightest inconve-

nience, and the milk and the bread also shared the same fate; and then, having nothing to do but grumble at the lightness of the meal, I descended the stairs, and in no very cheerful humour entered the room we had occupied the preceding evening. Here I found my host promenading, with his eternal pipe in his mouth, but he could not induce me to join him in his occupation, and I was meditating a farewell speech, and debating whether I ought to offer him any money for my night's entertainment, when the door opened, and another supply of coffee and cakes and milk made its appearance. I now began to think that I should be able to make a breakfast at last, and accordingly drank up my fair share of the milk and coffee, and devoured more than my share of the bread, with as little ceremony as was consistent with politeness. The truth is, a man travelling on foot through Sweden or Norway does not know where or when he may make his next meal, and therefore if he be a person of discretion,

he lays in as much as he possibly can stow away whenever he has it in his power. I was, however, greatly surprised to observe the abstinence of my friend, who drank but little and scarcely ate any thing; and concluded that he never eat but twice in the day, at dinner and supper, when he doubtless recompensed himself for the mortifications of the morning. Although I compassionated the severity of his discipline, I did not fail to profit by it, inasmuch as I ate up his share of the viands; and these being all exhausted, and no more apparently forthcoming, I rose from table, took my knapsack and staff, and commenced my farewell discourse, which, however, my friend interrupted by observing, with a surprised air, that I surely did not mean to leave his house before breakfast! I endeavoured to explain, by saying that I thought I had breakfasted twice already, but that if such were not the case, I was willing to make a third essay, being resolved never, either directly or indirectly, to violate the established

customs of the country in which I sojourned. This matter being settled to our mutual satisfaction, we had recourse to the pipe and cigar to while away the few minutes that intervened before the domestic appeared to prepare the tables for the grand meal of the morning. This consummation soon arrived; the side-table again afforded its display of bread and cheese and corn-brandy, and upon these we again commenced operations. The sire now made his reappearance, and was welcomed with much respect by his son. The breakfast, or, as it is called, the *frukost*—a word that bears some analogy to the German—was very similar to the supper of the preceding evening. After the brandy and bread and cheese, we proceeded to discuss the boiled eggs; after them the slices of sausage and its egg accompaniment; then we had a species of pancake about the size of a crown-piece, which was very good; then some kind of meat, which my utmost complacency could not persuade my jaded appetite to attack;

and lastly, another roast pig! We had fresh milk to drink, as formerly; and I ought to observe that we had also both the thin execrable bread of the country, and some of a superior composition, to which latter I confined myself. Long before the *frukost* was concluded, I was obliged to acknowledge that I had been completely outmanœuvred by my friends, who had judiciously saved themselves for this important moment, whilst my vigour had been pretty nearly exhausted by previous efforts. My feeble aid, however, was scarcely required by my companions, who did not fail to take ample revenge on the pig of to-day for the early secession of his predecessor last night.

I believe the young Swede was a married man, for I heard occasionally the squalling of children, that issued from some remote region of the house; but they did not make themselves otherwise manifest. His wife was, no doubt, in her peculiar province—the kitchen; for the Swedish ladies seldom show themselves in the

parlour, unless there happen to be female visitors.

I had brought with me from England a few engravings, taken from the Annuals and other works, for the purpose of presents, as I conceived they would not be unacceptable in places where such things were, perhaps, never before seen. Before parting with my host, I gave him two or three of these; on the back of one of which I wrote a few sentences in Latin, expressive of my sense of the kindness and hospitality I had met with at Dykalla, the name of the place. He did not appear to be much struck with the engravings (though gratified by the present), and stuck them within the frames of some old family portraits that adorned the room.

We parted with some concern, my host taking me a short distance on the road, and then sending me on under the guidance of a young girl for several miles across a cultivated country, that contained no regular track, until I reached a high road which was to conduct me to a place

called Becker Foss, of which more hereafter. My host was evidently of too haughty a temper to have accepted any remuneration, and therefore I did not insult him by the offer. My little guide bade me farewell when we reached the road to which she was told to conduct me, and I made her a present, and sent her home again.

I had gained from my good friend at Dykalla much useful information as to the part of the country in which I was, and he had produced for my inspection some very excellent maps. My own was a good one, but not sufficiently minute, and I frequently was obliged to attend rather to the compass, which I carried suspended from my neck. I had learnt from my host that there was (between twenty and thirty miles distant) at a place called Becker Foss, a colony of several Englishmen, but why they were established there I could not then ascertain; I resolved, however, to visit them.

CHAPTER X.

BECKER FOSS.

THE country through which I passed between Dykalla and Becker Foss is generally flat; but there are occasionally high rocks, and extensive forests of pine and fir. Every person of whom I inquired the way, asked if I were an Englishman, and always added, with smiles and gratulations, that my countrymen were not far distant; indeed they seemed to take so much interest in my journey, that I had frequently great difficulty in breaking away from them, without treating their kind solicitude with rudeness—

which, had I done, it would have given me the heartburn for two days after. The questions and observations of these honest and kind-hearted people were not prompted by impertinent curiosity—they were suggested solely by the benevolence of their tempers; and they felt a greater pleasure in assuring me that my troubles and fatigues in journeying through a strange land were now nearly at a close (as they thought) than had I left among them as much wealth as would have stocked their farms. If there be any who could turn away with brutal roughness from the warm and affectionate good wishes of a simple-hearted people, or listen with scorn or indifference to their sincere and honest congratulations, it is not to *them* I write. I have read the heart, and not carelessly; and never beheld it the abode of singleness and truth without loving it. Who could fail to interpret aright the animated sparkle that glistens in the eye, or the beam that plays on the cheek, and lights up the countenance with

a ray of celestial brightness? Tell me, ye sordid in spirit, are these the tokens of selfishness and cunning? Though mean the condition, and humble the garments, of him who is adorned with graces like these, he is a man of a noble and ingenuous mind, of a warm and benevolent heart, and in the greatness of his nature, as far above the proud who despise him as true worth is superior to arrogance and affectation. There are some, there are many, who will not fail to acknowledge his worth; and were there not another in the world, it should have from *me* the meed of my deepest respect.

I shall mention here a slight instance of the native politeness of the uneducated Swedes—a quality which is found in them in a higher degree than in any nation that I have ever known or read of. In regions but seldom visited by strangers, in the deepest solitudes of his forests, the gentle Swede is found to possess a courtesy and even elegance of manner, that to more polished societies is commonly unknown;

for *his* is the offspring of general kindness and good feeling; it is in obedience to the natural dictates of a generous temper.

When not far from Becker Foss, I was overtaken by four or five countrymen in a low cart or waggon drawn by one horse; they slackened their pace as they approached me, and I could hear them conversing together in a low tone, and did not doubt that I was the subject of their debate. Travellers of any description are but seldom seen in that neighbourhood, and one on foot would be a prodigy of extraordinary occurrence, for even the peasants find a cart to be the cheapest and most convenient mode of progression. As the persons I mentioned passed by me, they all took off their hats—(a salutation, by the bye, that was always observed by every one I met, and which of course I acknowledged in like manner)—and then resumed their debate. Presently the carriage stopped, and all but the driver got out, and approached me with much respect, earnestly entreating me to mount the

vehicle, as it was their intention, they said, to walk. I just knew enough of their language to understand them, but their gesticulations were sufficient; they walked by my side for some distance, pressing me to occupy their place with earnest importunity, and yet with a politeness that would have surprised any one unacquainted with Swedish manners; but I refused obstinately, because I would neither suffer them to walk, nor consent to become an additional burthen to the poor animal that drew them, which I thought to be already overloaded. Finding that they could not prevail, they at last, with much reluctance and apparent disappointment, gave up the attempt; and again saluting me, remounted their carriage and drove off.

It was late in the afternoon when my calculations told me that I could not be far from the place of my destination. Close by the road side was a little country church, the yard of which was well supplied with those memorials of the dead which are common in Sweden and Norway,

and consist usually of slight pieces of wood arranged in a triangular form, and painted black and white. These monuments are sometimes made of iron instead of wood, belonging no doubt to the wealthier classes, and have attached to them loose jingling pieces of the same metal, with a kind of weathercock at the apex, that keeps up a continual clatter. They have altogether a very barbarous aspect; but there is a great resemblance between them and the tombs to be seen in the country church-yards of Switzerland. I was struck; and, as I stood and looked, could not but feel affected, by the contrast of two plain grave-stones, with the names and dates neatly painted in English characters, that pointed out the resting-place of two of my countrywomen.

I am an old man, a foolish old man, and I cannot expect to find in the breasts of the gay and the thoughtless that sympathy I am myself, perhaps, but too ready to yield. I have passed through the journey of life, and have endured

its buffets and trials; I have received wrongs at the hands of my fellow-men, and been deceived by those I had confidingly trusted,—but (I thank thee, O God!) the well-spring in my heart hath not been dried up by the cares or ambition of the world; I have not become quite hardened by prosperity, nor soured or stunned by misfortune. I do indeed thank Thee, that, selfish though I be by nature, and narrow and finite as are my thoughts, I yet am not entirely dead to the sorrows of those around me, nor quite removed beyond the influence of natural emotions.

The sight of these English tombs in the midst of the rude collection is indeed affecting.

About a mile distant from this church, at the bottom of a deep bay of rocks, which are crowned with pines, is the abode of the English colony; before we reach it, however, we have to traverse a bog, through which a good road has been made, and an extensive waste of heath.

Becker Foss is situated to the west of the

Lake Wenern. There are several iron forges erected here for the purpose of smelting iron and forming it into long bars, in which state it is conveyed in carriages to the lake just named, down which it passes into the river Gota, and from Gottenburg is sent to England or elsewhere. The workmen live in long wooden houses, several of which are united together; one of the midmost of these exhibited a hieroglyphic over the door, that, I was told, represented an "Elephant and Castle," signifying that beer and brandy were there dealt out by an Englishman. The manager of the works, who is a Swede, has a house somewhat superior to the others.

I discovered that there were six or seven Englishmen, most of whom had wives and families. The works had been established, or, at least, were then owned, by a Mr. Charles Frederic Vann, resident at Gottenburg. He had first tried to work the iron with the aid of Swedish artisans, but being soon convinced of

the inferiority of their method, he employed agents in England to induce a few skilful and respectable iron-workers, by the promise of high wages, to leave their own country, and come and superintend his forges at Becker Foss. The high rewards held out soon collected a sufficient number of adventurers, and these, with their wives and families, were embarked at Hull, and shipped off for Sweden, and, in due course, arrived at their destination. Their employer now had them secure in the interior of the kingdom. However much they might dislike their situation, there was now no retracing the step; ignorant of the language and the geography of the country, without money, without a friend, or any resource, they were absolutely in the power of him who had inveigled them, and had no alternative but to submit to his arbitrary pleasure. It is not often that absolute power is possessed without tyranny; and he is seldom so generous as to be just who is under no control higher than the dictates of generosity:

few are not long insensible to the demands of interest.

By the undertaking that had been given, and the repeated promises which guaranteed it to these deluded Englishmen, they were to have received a fixed amount of wages during the whole time they remained at Becker Foss. They had not been there three months before their wages were lowered considerably, and, in the course of four years, they were diminished three times, till they arrived at comparative insignificance. But there was no remedy or redress. Mr. Charles Frederick Vann resided far away at Gottenburg, and his manager acted only according to his orders; there was no one to complain to, or who might remonstrate on their behalf, and they were compelled to work on at any price, and instruct the Swedes in those arts which constituted their own sole importance. Having now been four years here, they had taught the natives so much, that the iron-master began to think he could do without his allies,

and the time of their departure was already fixed; but the Swedes have gained but an imperfect knowledge, and it is questionable whether they will be able to carry on the works to advantage.

As I have only heard one side of the case, I do not speak with the acrimony I am inclined to feel against the man who seduced these poor fellows from their homes to a land of strangers, then *broke his pledge*, and finally left them to find their way back as they might. I am willing to believe that the sense of *some* injustice or oppression had caused my informants to colour, distort, or conceal circumstances which, if fairly stated, would probably soften the indignation their story is calculated to excite. Perhaps we none of us shall be found to act justly at all times, and yet, there is scarcely a man whose bosom does not glow with a generous anger when he hears of an instance of flagrant injustice. For myself, I hope my tongue may lose its functions, and my hand wither, whenever the dread of man's displeasure shall induce me

to soften or conceal an instance of his cruelty or oppression. Although no patriotic demagogue, and quite insensible to those outcries against imaginary wrongs which party spirit makes men conceive themselves subject to, I trust I have so high a sense of right that no real infringement of it will ever by me be overlooked. And in thus saying, I arrogate to myself no superior excellency,—I speak but the sentiments of nature; and who is there that will not respond?

For my poor friends at Becker Foss—some were about to return to England, and some were in hopes of making better bargains with other iron-masters in Sweden; for the wages that are *promised* to English workmen are so high that few can resist the temptation of trying to gain them.

On first reaching the settlement, I went directly to the house of the manager, and asked if the owner were an Englishman. It appeared that he was not, and that he happened to be

then ill in bed, but his nephew, who spoke our language very slightly, gave me a cordial welcome, and ordered some immediate refreshment. In the mean time, the news went abroad among the English that one of their nation had arrived, and straightway they all left their employments and ran to the manager's house, and without much ceremony hurried into the room where I remained. It was gratifying to behold the honest joy that lighted up their rugged features, as they greeted me with the exclamation, "Countryman! how do you do?" and eagerly pressed round, to give me a cordial shake of the hand. Although I am not one of those philanthropists who conceive all worth and virtue to be confined to the poverty of the lower classes, and that the higher ranks are only engines to oppress these; I confess that, whenever accident has discovered to me a man of frank and fearless independence of spirit (remote from insolence and self-sufficiency), and of an open and unaffected honesty of heart—how-

soever humble his station in life—I feel for him a sympathy and respect, warm and deep, that worldly dignities could never have drawn forth, and I incline to him with a deference that I have rarely yielded to his superiors in fortune.

In the company therefore of the honest workmen of Becker Foss, begrimed as they were with smoke and the accumulation of a week's pollutions, I felt a very sincere satisfaction; for I knew that I was myself the cause of pleasure, and few can be wholly indifferent to the happiness they are bestowing. I never heard words that pleased me so much as, "Fellow countryman! by God, I'm glad to see you!" And no wonder, for the poor fellows had never seen an Englishman since their arrival, with the exception of Mr. Lloyd, the author of "Field Sports of the North," a book that contains the best account that has been published of Sweden.

I was conducted over the works, and my friends took much pride in expatiating on

the merits of an immense hammer which was worked by machinery, and had been constructed in England. The Swedes had fabricated one upon the same principles, in imitation of it, but theirs was said to be much inferior.

After the ceremony of inspection was over, I was taken to the house of one of the English, and treated with tea and excellent bread and butter—luxuries which I had now learned to esteem very grateful. It was a curious circumstance, that the wife of this man had been the housekeeper (or was the daughter of the housekeeper) of a family with whom I was acquainted, and spoke with much respect of a friend for whom I have a sincere regard. This link of sympathy between us seemed to make me still more an object of interest.

I spent great part of the evening with these honest fellows, and then returned to the house of the manager, where I was entertained with a good supper, and the company of the manager's nephew and two of his brother clerks.

The supper was in the style of my friend at Dykalla—brandy, and bread and butter, and cheese, at a side table to commence with, succeeded by dishes of various descriptions and rival merits. After the meal, we all rose, carried away our chairs, and returned and bowed to each other with the usual ceremony. The custom of beginning every meal with a dram was also, not long since, commonly practised in Scotland, and is still to be met with in the Northern Highlands, where the chiefs and pastors cling most fondly to ancient institutions.

The spirit drunk in Sweden, which I have called corn-brandy because that was the title by which I first knew it, is not extracted only, though most commonly, from barley, but is also obtained, in great quantity, from potatoes and, I believe, other succulent vegetables.

I may mention here, whilst I think of it, although the subject be not introduced very cleverly, that the Swedish gentlemen pass their

evenings much in the mode of the old English squires of the last century, saving that I believe they do not drink quite in the proportion of our late respectable countrymen. They are fond of the game of whist, fond of a pipe, and still more attached to the crowning joys of a good supper.

The principal dish at this most social of meals—now scarcely remembered in England—is often that magnificent bird the Gjäder (pronounced chader), or capercail, which now also is not unknown at London tables. He is like an immense black-cock, fully as big as a turkey, and with his broad tail, ruffed neck, white bill, and black glossy plumage, whirring through the woods, with great energy and vehemence, represents a noble creature.

I spent another day at Becker Foss, and was obliged to pass some part of it in one of the cottages of our countrymen, surrounded by the whole settlement. Never was levee attended by so sincere, and seldom by so respectable, a crowd of visitors. Not only was the small

apartment entirely filled, but the doorway and adjoining passage were also occupied by admiring urchins and diffident females, who held up their infant hopes to behold the wonderful man that had walked from England! To be "the cynosure of neighbouring eyes" may be very delightful to young ladies and other potentates, but it was so far above my deserts that I felt it to be rather oppressive than agreeable, and consequently resisted all efforts that were made to induce me to prolong my stay.

But I did not take leave without regret of my kind and hospitable friends, who, on their part, did not bid their countryman farewell with indifference. The oldest of their number, who was going to some mines higher up the country, was much affected, and repeatedly said that I was the last of his nation (except those about him) he should ever be permitted to see. They accompanied me some distance on my route, and then, with many adieus, we parted—for ever.

CHAPTER XI.

RAFFMARKEN.

On leaving Becker Foss, it was my intention to have made the best of my way across the borders into Norway, as far as Frederickshald; but, as usual, after walking some miles, I mistook my route, passed through Hindalbyu, without perceiving that there was such a place, and found myself at the little village of Eed, on the banks of a most beautiful lake. In travelling over Sweden and Norway I have frequently passed through places which were marked on my map as towns, without at all recognising

them; for they often were nothing more than two or three wooden hovels, scattered over the country without any arrangement.

Near to Eed is a very pretty church, with its white walls and red wooden roof, placed on the high green bank of the lake, in which it is reflected. This lake is divided from another and larger to the north of it by a narrow slip of land of considerable height, on which are erected wooden stalls or booths, and a building that looks like a great barn, but which I conceive to be a bazaar. It struck me that a kind of fair must be held here, perhaps annually; and the natives may bring their produce by water from a distance of many miles both in a southern and northern direction. On the green slope of the narrow neck of land I have mentioned, I lay down to rest, looking up the northern lake. The air was milder than it had been, and the sun shone powerfully, sparkling on the high rocks that bordered the lake, and lighting up the innumerable islands and bays with which

it was adorned, and which occasionally sank back into their native gloom, as the passing cloud intercepted the sunbeams, and cast a dark shadow over the water. Not a sail was to be seen over the far surface of the lake; not a house on its borders, nor a living thing to move above or beside it—even the birds were absent: all was silence, and stillness, and solitude. I was pleased and yet dejected; for I could not but regret that a scene so lovely should have none to admire it, but remain, century after century, a waste created by the prodigality of nature, far from the ken of those who could feel and appreciate its beauties.

Ye trees, that in some parts overhang the waters, creating in their transparent depths the shadowy image of a subjacent forest, why need ye put on your beautiful hues, as Autumn returns with her bright and yet melancholy smile? Season after season ye change and are readorned, but there is none to heed or admire—"no, not one."

As the wind sweeps with hollow sound over the surface of the lake, ruffling its waters and causing them to dash against the rocks that restrain them—whose ear listens to their music with sober pleasure, and catches the fitful whispers that come borne on the breeze from afar? There is not one to hearken or rejoice. And yet it may be, at times, some rude, uncultivated poet, tracking the herds that have wandered to these little frequented shores, has stood still, and mused, and been agitated with undefinable emotions, and filled with a confusion of thoughts that might not find expression, and has turned and departed, restless, solitary, and unhappy.

As I lay basking, I spent some time in speculating on what would be the thoughts of a rational being were he to awaken at once from the sleep of eternity, with the full vigour of his faculties, in the midst of a scene like this; and I remembered Milton's description of Adam's sensations on first awakening into life; the

impression made upon him by the objects he beheld, and the joy and fragrance that suffused his heart as he looked upon the smiling things of creation. To gaze with wondering eyes on the glorious and search-baffling sky would be the first act of the creature thus awakened; to rise on his feet, and look with increasing admiration on the objects around him;—

> "Hill, dale, and shady woods and sunny plains,
> And liquid lapse of murmuring streams,"

would be the next essay. Then transporting pleasure would flow through his bosom as he gazed on the beautiful things of the earth—

> "Creatures that liv'd, and mov'd, and walk'd or flew;
> Birds on the branches warbling."

But these do not excite more wonder than the contemplation of himself. What is he?—his being?—how came he thus?—how here? Not by his own effort—not by his own will; therefore by the power of some superior Being, of some great Maker. And who is this Maker? And where to be sought, that he may be thanked

and worshipped, and adored by a grateful creature? These are the probable thoughts of a reasoning soul, and, indeed, are the natural consequences of the objects we behold, and the consideration of our own individuality. Few who are in any wise moved by contemplating the beautiful things of creation, remain content with evident existences, and do not struggle after the search of that originating Cause, whose supremacy is so fully made manifest by his glorious productions. He that searches shall find; he that reasons shall be convinced. His thoughts are gradually led on by a chain that is held in an invisible hand; and from the wonders of creation they proceed, by natural advances, through the mysteries of the Redemption, to the hopes of immortality.

But come, we have remained long enough on the banks of the lake; let us rise up, for the day is advancing.

For many miles I walked in a northernly direction, through forests of pine, and over rocks,

and across valleys. Evening approached; no resting-place seemed nigh, and I knew only that I was far out of the track I had intended to pursue. Nevertheless, my spirits did not flag; the road or track I followed was as varied and delightful as can well be conceived—now diving into huge forests of pine and fir of every species, which in one part displayed their tall naked stems rising from a plain unencumbered with brushwood, and, in another, appeared with gracefully-curved and broad-fringed boughs, extending almost to the ground, and looking cheerfully green; and anon the road, which for a long distance had passed through these level, vision-bounding woods, would rise to the summit of a hill, and afford a glimpse of the neighbouring lake winding far away below, and then again would plunge down betwixt huge precipitous rocks, barren as winter, or clothed to their summit with thick moss.

Frequently, too, it would emerge on the borders of a sleeping silvery lake, buried in the

midst of the forest, and wind round it close upon its margin. I passed many of these lakes; so solitary they seemed, that the stillness was almost awful. One felt as though no other human foot had ever before been here; that the spot was unconscious even of any thing living, save the large, long-legged, and long-pinioned bird that flew heavily across the waters, and sometimes startled the passenger with its scream. There is a solemnity and a dreariness in a large body of water in the midst of a thick forest, that is more appalling than the densest umbrage: I scarce know why, unless we have some indistinct fear that we may be watched by hostile eyes from the opposite side of the lake, where the foliage defies our keenest penetration. Sometimes the road would attain the summit of a lofty eminence, from whence the traveller can behold nothing but vast wildernesses of pine, stretching far away in every direction, and exhibiting here and there a few silver spots that mark the existence of a lake. And now the

gloom of evening closed around; the objects by the way side became more and more indistinct, and the eye could not penetrate, even for a few feet, into the surrounding darkness of the forest. It was impossible to help starting, as the white shattered trunk of a tree became occasionally visible, or the black roots of one that had been blown down suddenly met the eye, which searched with anxiety whether under their dark shadow any thing hostile were lurking.

The gloom of evening was succeeded by the blackness of night; and then, indeed, dismay succeeded to doubt, and lamentation to misgiving.

I stumbled along in much perplexity and distress for some time, speculating on the chance of meeting a bear, when happily the road emerged on an open plain that was much lighter than the forest, and after following the bank of another lake for a short distance, I was not a little rejoiced to behold a solitary house close before me. Taking it for granted that it was

an inn, I marched up to the door, knocked, and opened and entered. Meeting with a female, I asked if I could have supper, and accommodation for the night. She answered in the affirmative, and showed me into a room, where I threw myself on a seat, rejoicing to have found rest and shelter.

After remaining some time in patient expectation of supper, the door opened, and a thin tall man, habited in a blue frock coat and blue trousers, and having altogether a military air, made his appearance, and saluting me politely, begged I would follow him into another room. Accordingly we adjourned to a neighbouring apartment, in which were two low beds, and another tall, thin, military-looking man, in frock coat and blue trousers. Many courteous salutations passed between us; but, as my knowledge of Swedish was rather limited, and the soldiers' acquaintance with foreign languages still more confined, we were unable to support any very edifying conversation. The only chair in the

room was given up to me, whilst one of the gentlemen accommodated himself on the window-seat, and the other on the edge of a bed. My supper at last arrived, and consisted of eggs and a few slices of bacon on one plate, and some new milk in another. The Swedes, in general, are much in want of crockery ware; they have very few basins or other utensils, or, if they possess them, they do not think them smart enough to be produced before a stranger. As to washhand basins and things of that description, they are quite unknown in the farmhouses and small country inns; and frequently, when I have asked for something in which to wash myself, the water has been brought in a small slop-basin, and sometimes in a plate! As I am speaking of washing, I may mention that the traveller who has an eye to comfort must not forget to provide himself with soap, as it is probable he will meet with none in the whole course of his journey through these countries.

On the evening of which I write, I was too

hungry to be particular whether I drank my milk out of a cup or a plate; my chief concern lay in perceiving that there was but a small quantity to drink at all; and having despatched this allowance in a marvellously short space, I rose up, and explored the way to the kitchen. Here I found the family group, and making known my wants with much intelligence, delivered up the empty plate and returned to my seat, where I remained some time in the keenest expectations of an aggravated appetite. The most extraordinary patience will, in time, be worn out, and I again rose and made another expedition to the kitchen, from whence, as I approached, issued a confusion of voices, but the speakers all vanished through an opposite door as I entered, leaving a solitary female, whom I took to be the mistress of the house, to bear the brunt of my importunity. Conceiving that she had mistaken my directions, I explained to her that I wanted nothing less than another plate of *mealgh* (milk) and its more

substantial concomitants; to which she replied at considerable length, but I could not at all comprehend the purport of the speech. She used many gesticulations, and pointed incessantly to the window—as much as to say, "If you want more supper you must go elsewhere for it." Now it was not only very dark, but had begun to rain fast, and I said to myself, in a most decided manner, that no consideration whatever should induce me to stir a step farther that evening; I therefore returned to the empty supper-table with rather a rueful countenance. The officers, who, soon after my first sally into the kitchen, had also repaired thither themselves, and afterwards returned to the room, now began to engage in a hasty conversation that disturbed the placidity of their looks in no slight degree; and, from the frequent glances they directed towards me, I was conscious of being myself the object of it. As I felt perfectly indifferent to their opinion or deliberations, I sat very tranquilly without taking the least notice of

their conduct, though many shrewd suspicions as to the honesty of their intentions were passing through my mind. Fancy was busy with her whispers about unscrupulous cut-throats, the loneliness of the place, and the perfect security from earthly punishment with which any attack on my life would be attended. But these considerations did not affect me with much concern, and only caused me to watch a little more attentively the motions of my companions. At last, they both approached the spot where I sat, and addressed me together in a very earnest tone, frequently turning about, and pointing to the window, and using all manner of gesticulations. I began to comprehend that they wanted me to leave the house, and go to another, a short distance off, where, I understood them to say, I could have a good bed, which I need not expect where I then was. Now, whatever I expected in my present situation, I thought it very probable that my honest advisers meant to waylay me in the dark, when I could not see to defend

myself, as I wandered in search of this new haven; and I resolved to remain where I was, for, so long as there was light, and I had my pistols and good cudgel within grasp, I did not value their hostility a rush; and I was the more fixed in my purpose by hearing the rain patter against the window, and from being wholly ignorant of the distance and position of the house to which I was directed. I therefore obstinately refused to stir, and frequently repeated that nothing whatever should induce me. The fiercer I looked, and the more angry I waxed, still more eager became the gesticulations of the Swedes, who jabbered and danced about the room, in extremity at not being able to make themselves understood, and ran to the door and the window, and back again, and then to the kitchen, and returning continued their unintelligible explanations. For my part, I planted my chair beside the stove, with the most obstinate resolution to be convinced by no arguments, however eloquent, and turned, therefore,

a deaf ear to all the suggestions of my crafty and villanous foes. At last, I heard the outer door of the house open and shut, and the two Swedes instantly rushed from the room; now, I thought, they are joined by their associates, and my hour is come. Well, so be it; I have lived long enough to know that there is nothing worth living for in this world; and yet the rascals shall not slaughter me without an effort—so I drew forth my pistols, cocked them, and sat ready.

In a few moments, to my unutterable astonishment, I beheld the girl who had previously waited on me enter the room with a large dish of milk in her hands; the two officers were actually assisting her to bear it in, one on either side, their faces sparkling with hospitable joy, and chattering invitations and congratulations in the most eager and unintelligible manner. Whilst I sat stupified with surprise, and ready to die with confusion and chagrin, my friends hurried away again to bring in the fresh supply

of eggs and bacon; and in their absence I slunk my pistols back again into my pocket. The *rere-supper*, as in earlier ages it would have been called, was now placed on the table, and the Swedes were busy inviting me to partake of it. Heavens! that I should have been guilty of such deep injustice towards them. I was overwhelmed with shame; and approaching, shook each of my friends by the hand, and thanked them with all the warmth of gratitude. I sat down to this second meal with very uncomfortable feelings, but fortunately my appetite was of that description which divided, in some degree, the violence of my reflections; and when I again looked up I found that I was alone in the room.

The mysterious passages of the above scene may be cleared up by saying, that the officers, by their anxious manner and extraordinary gestures, meant only to tell me that there was no more milk in the house, and that a girl was sent to the next cottage, a good space distant,

to procure a fresh supply; perceiving that I misunderstood them, their anxiety to explain was increased, and only added to the confusion.

The place where this incident occurred is called, I believe, Raffmarken.

Soon after supper, I removed to the room I had first occupied, where I found a cheerful fire blazing in the stove, and the bed ready prepared for my reception. The accommodation in this respect was not great, there being only a feather-bed, bolster, and counterpane, and not any sheets, &c. Reversing the received order of things, I lay down upon the counterpane, and covering myself with the feather-bed, enjoyed a warm and refreshing sleep, that enabled me next morning to thank my Maker with a grateful heart, and prepare with careless spirits and reinvigorated limbs to encounter whatever adventures might befal.

CHAPTER XII.

MAN.

THE next morning the girl, having first lighted my fire, served me with a breakfast of mashed potatoes, milk, and bacon; and now feeling equal to any undertaking, I once more shouldered my knapsack, and demanded—"Vhaad at betaala?" (What's to pay). The girl laughed, and ran away; and I, fancying she was laughing (a common occurrence) at my elegant Swedish, remained some time pondering on the circumstance, and then went in search of the hostess. This lady was superior in mind to her personal

appearance and dress, and when I repeated to her the question, drew back with some haughtiness, and replied, that "there was nothing to pay." Much surprised, I begged her to accept something as a present, but she refused, though with much courtesy of manner. Smitten to the heart with shame and concern at the recollection of the trouble I had caused, and the hospitality I had seemed to demand, I shook my kind hostess, and all her family, by the hand, with many thanks and good wishes, and was about setting forth, when the two officers joined the group; one bade me adieu with great cordiality, and the other insisted on being permitted to put me into the right way—a piece of kindness that I objected to strongly; but he was obstinate, and, in fine, accompanied me over a desert waste, a distance of four or five miles; then found me a guide in the shape of a cottager, and bade me farewell with every appearance of concern.

In looking at the character of the Swedish

nation, I am frequently recalled to the ardent speculations of youth, when I loved to dwell on the possible greatness and dignity to which the human mind might attain, as a spark of immortal light. We may rank that nation high in the scale of humanity in which we discover sincerity, simplicity, generosity and benevolence to be the prevailing characteristics—for these are the principal ingredients of greatness. The Swedes are essentially, in the fullest sense of that comprehensive word, an *honest* people, and we know that—

"An honest man's the noblest work of God."

I repeat this line, although it be so hackneyed, in defiance of those modern critics, who, in the plenitude of their ignorance and insolence, have ventured to deny its truth. They pretend that genius, generosity, intellectual superiority, and other refined or exalted properties of the mind, are much nobler works of God than mere honesty; though they perceive genius to be so often disfigured by vice, and generosity by

injustice. These profound sceptics read Pope with so literal an eye that they believe he meant only by an "*honest man*," one that keeps his hands from picking and stealing; who might be entrusted to carry a bag of gold from London to Liverpool, without fear of his taking it on to America.

He that is an honest man, according to Pope's meaning, is indeed the noblest of God's creatures; of perfect uprightness of life, soundness of principle, and freedom from selfishness. Truth, "sanctitude, severe and pure," are apparent in the loftiness of his conduct; the consciousness of internal purity gives dignity to his every action; simplicity and singleness of heart are his unfading ornaments, whilst true greatness sheds its lustre over the abode of unsullied virtue and holiness.

Let us dwell a little longer on greatness of character, for the time will not be mispent which is given to such contemplations. To acquire that elevation of thought and loftiness of conduct,

which are the highest attainments of human excellence, is the study of many, and their possession the distinction of some; why should not *we* also struggle to be equally illustrious? The mother of Greatness is Purity, and her offspring resembles herself. True greatness regards not self-interest; despises alike temporal prosperity and temporal evil; though lofty, is yet humble; though powerful, temperate; though in sorrow, patient and enduring. Capable of conversing in solitude with the Most High, it yet does not disdain the enjoyments of social intercourse, nor refuses to melt into the tenderness of graceful affection. Whilst it fires with indignation at the sight of oppression and injustice, it can stoop with anxious solicitude to raise up the broken in spirit, and cheer and comfort him who is abandoned by the world or by himself. This is true greatness,*—and in what does it differ from Christianity?

* Quinctilian asserts that none can be a good orator who is not a good man. None indeed can be a *great* who is not also a *good* man.

Few terms have been so frequently misapplied as greatness of mind. How often are we told of the "great mind" of an Alexander or a Napoleon! It is a false expression that gives rise to false ideas. The latter warrior—to take the more familiar example—possessed a littleness of mind truly despicable. That he had a powerful, a transcendently powerful capacity, who shall deny? But where was the lofty thought, the purity of sentiment, the dignity of feeling? Was there any thing in any one of his many wonderful actions that ever bespoke nobility of soul? Self-interest was his only motive in them all; tyranny and injustice were his continual attendants, and his principal agents duplicity and violence. Let us not say that *he* possessed a great mind.

Greatness is seldom the attribute of kings, warriors, or statesmen. Numa, Lycurgus, and Alfred, were perhaps all great men; but they have had many equals, who have passed to the tomb unknown and unrecorded. In my wanderings,

I have learnt that greatness of character is compatible with the meanest fortunes—that the inhabitant of a desert may be possessed of the most exalted magnanimity.

I have found in at least *one* character, loftiness of mind, rectitude of heart, and humility of spirit—manly dignity and manly tenderness. Pride, vanity, selfishness, had no place in *him*. No weaknesses sank him to the level of the brutes, no sordid feelings alloyed the purity of his soul; but with a steady mind, endowed with the powers of reason in their fullest perfection, he walked forth in his native land in the highest majesty of MAN.

It is an unhappy mistake which prevails throughout my own country, that our excessive refinement is a warrant of our national superiority. That refinement, unfortunately, extends only to frivolous and ceremonial observances, and alters the dress or the manner without reforming the spirit. "How virtuous shall we be," exclaims the admirable Miss Edgeworth,

"when we have no name for Vice!" We are fast approaching that golden age; and perhaps are even more depraved as we become more polished and fastidious—for steel is capable of a keener edge than iron. If we rejoice that we have thrown aside the simple manners and habits of the Swede, we ought to lament that we have also lost his simplicity of heart. I do not wish men to mourn over the increase of luxuries, and the progress of social refinement, but that these blessings are so usually accompanied by hardness of heart, self-sufficiency, and scornful indifference. Power, and riches, and adulation may cause a man to carry

"Pride in his port, defiance in his eye,"

without inspiring him with that dignity which is the consequence of virtue. With power, and riches, and adulation to combat against, it is indeed difficult to retain that simplicity and sincerity of heart, without which there cannot be true greatness; but, as we may observe that in

some countries where civilisation and refinement have less extended themselves, the evil passions and the debasement of human nature are not less conspicuous or less general than in our own; so we will hope that a land in which the refinement of vice is sometimes made its excuse, is not necessarily forbidden to be the abode also of virtue and worth. That simplicity which pride, and arrogance, and passion are so ready to drive from the world, is chiefly preserved by, and is the principal attribute of the christian religion: where therefore it prevails, and is sincerely practised, both dignity and purity will also be found. There was one man, at least, who saw fully the value of virtue, and whose constant endeavour was to acquire it; and few have better held "the blameless tenor of their way"—he was the amiable Lavater. This was his prayer, and let it be ours:—"Give me, O God! the simplicity of a child with the wisdom of a man."

I will not say much more, lest I weary—for a

thousand may have thought what I alone have been enthusiastic enough to write. I would fain see revived that loftiness of tone which the increasing sordidness of mankind seems entirely to have banished the world. To whom can we now apply that epithet which ancient writers used sometimes, with generous enthusiasm, to give to a great man when they described him to be "of a magnificent temper?"

Such, in Athens, was Aristides; such Cato the younger in Rome; and, in our own country, some have pretended to attribute an equal excellence to Hampden; but there is at least one far loftier (who fought against him)—the great, the good, the glorious Lucius Carey, Viscount Falkland, who fell at the battle of Newbury. He was indeed a great man. His extensive learning, his perfect knowledge of mankind and of himself, the sweetness of his manners, the goodness of his heart, the elegance and refinement of his mind, the generosity of his temper,*

* His enemies accused him of meanness.

the loftiness of his thoughts, and the simplicity and integrity of his whole life, constitute him one of the greatest and noblest characters that ever adorned the world.

If men were not so apt to forget the original purity and excellence of the human principle, as an emanation from the Divinity, they would not study so constantly to degrade it; if they would only remember their native superiority, as thinking and responsible beings, and what is expected from them as such, their minutest actions would be attended with a dignity that would make the meanest poverty respectable, and place the humblest citizen on a level with the proudest conqueror:

> ——— "Ofttimes nothing profits more
> Than self-esteem, grounded on just and right,
> Well managed."*

I shall not be supposed to wish more extensively propagated that spirit of pertness and conceit which is already sufficiently apparent

* Milton.

in the world, nor to applaud that consciousness of superiority which undervalues all those by whom it is surrounded. It is an unfortunate weakness in men of intellect, that they almost always underrate the intellect of others; but the "self-esteem" that I would inculcate must be tempered with humility, and seasoned with piety. I do not advocate the cause of arrogance and self-sufficiency.

He who is possessed of that superiority which I commend, may chance to pass through life unattended by the trumpet of fame or the shout of the rabble, but he will *not* descend to the tomb unhonoured or unwept.

CHAPTER XIII.

WOMAN.

THE Swedish women are not remarkable for their beauty. In Stockholm and Gottenburg there may be a few pretty girls, as also in the houses of the wealthier classes, but generally throughout the country they have a very miserable and squalid appearance. No trifling share of manual labour falls to their portion: they work constantly in the fields; the gardens are entirely cultivated by them, and thus their early and continual exposure to a damp and chilly atmosphere soon destroys the natural beauty of

youth, and brings on many diseases that subject them to premature decay. They are far more industrious than the men, regulating the domestic economy within doors, as well as attending to numerous duties without.

The value of woman is chiefly displayed in countries like Sweden, where men, having few intellectual resources, are dependent for much of their happiness on the attentions of others. Her soothing consolations and active affection both gratify the pride and humour the indolence of man; the tenderness of her disposition, and her natural quickness of perception, make her ever alive to his wants, and anxious to supply them, and teach her readily to adapt herself to his more rugged temper. Such is woman by nature; and the cultivation of her mind is the finish of her character, and the means of calling forth the most graceful qualities with which she has been endowed. The female mind is capable of a wonderful degree of refinement; and though seldom cultivated to that exquisite pitch of

which it is susceptible, it presents a most interesting and beautiful subject for our speculations. It is intrinsically the same that it was five hundred, and five thousand years ago, and, whatever new hues we may pretend to discover, they are those only which have been induced by the peculiarity of circumstances, and the different systems of education. It is an arrogant assumption to declare that the female mind is now capable of a higher degree of refinement than in the days of Portia or Aspasia*—of Lady Jane Grey, or Rachel Lady Russell. Neither men or women are formed, even at this day, of more than ordinary stuff, though the absurd vanity of the age, in its idle vapours concerning the progression of intellectual powers, would fain persuade us to the contrary. The precocity of genius in infants little better than babes and sucklings, and the vast development of mind in almost all children from the age of

* I speak not of the mistress of Pericles, but of the companion of Socrates.

ten to fifteen, are looked upon as wonderful arguments by your modern philosophers. It is with great deference to this learned sect that I venture to observe, that children, when educated at all, displayed just as great capacities, at least, three hundred years ago. In the sixteenth century, when learning was very assiduously cultivated, and in a far profounder degree than at present, there was scarcely a nobleman's son, who, in the variety of his exercises, the number of acquired languages, and the expansion of his reasoning powers, was not far superior to children of the same age at the present day. Boys at a very early age were well grounded in the classics,—the best foundation of knowledge; and, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, were commonly sent to college when fifteen years old, much better prepared than the precocious geniuses of later times. Nor was the intellect of girls at all inferior to that of other infants, though it was not then so generally cultivated; young maidens

of birth, however, frequently received an education that called forth all the latent energies of their minds, and prove them to have been no whit inferior to their charitable descendants. I do not, however, rest my argument on Bishop Burnet's serious assertion that the Princess Elizabeth (good Queen Bess) when only four years old, wrote with her own hand a letter in the Italian language to Henry the Eighth, or one of his queens. Neither were women of former times one whit inferior to those of the present generation, in beauty of feature, gracefulness of person, or elegance of manner; in Eve, who lived I know not how many thousand years ago, might be seen (as in some of her descendants)—

> "Those graceful acts,
> Those thousand decencies, that daily flowed
> From all her words and actions, mixed with love
> And sweet compliance."

I believe the mind to be now much the same as it was even in those days; disguised, it may be, in some measure by the accumulated dust of

years, the increased variety of follies, and the peculiar habits of the age.

Many of the modern school of philosophy are apt to entertain very high ideas of the superiority of women from the more extensive range of their general information, which unfortunately commonly consists of a slight superficial smattering of knowledge, that instead of making them more worthy of esteem, too frequently renders them conceited and ridiculous. Do not think, fair ladies! that I wish you to be as ignorant as the slaves of an Eastern harem; I would have you *well-informed*, but, in mercy, don't be scientific.

The end of woman's being (subservient, of course, to her religious duties) is to inspire love. Let her recollect that it is not vastness of learning, nor brilliancy of wit, nor intellectual superiority, that can make their possessor beloved; but amiableness of disposition, sweetness of temper, nobleness of spirit, and richness of mind. A woman may have much *mind*, and yet, in the opinion of a member of the Mechanics' Institution,

be still very ignorant. In this richness of mind is comprised that delicacy of feeling which is her most admirable quality; that sensitive tenderness which shrinks from giving pain; that regardful disposition which watches, to gratify, the wishes of others; that intuitive consciousness of what is passing in the breast of another, which marks the highest refinement of the powers of perception, and which enables a woman to frame her manner to the temper with which she has to deal. Her quick penetration enables her to analyse the heart, to study its closest thoughts and most carefully hidden emotions, and keenly to discriminate those feelings which the bluntness of man too commonly denies him the power of perceiving. These are the powers, the ornaments, that a woman ought to cultivate; these give a depth of tone and feeling, a lustre and a worth that make her of far greater value than if dowered with the wealth of Golconda. With this richness of mind she will possess a heart capable of the tenderest

and most enduring affection; she will cultivate her intellect with the soundest wisdom, and, by the most rational pursuits; and she will be to him whom she elevates by her love, not merely a beautiful ornament, but one who will cheer him through difficulties, support him under adversity, advise with him in danger, and be to him, through life, his dearest solace, his profoundest delight, and his most intimate friend.

I have not over-estimated the capabilities of woman; and if we do not find her displaying these graceful, these exquisite charms, we must not suppose that she does not naturally possess them. Such is the frivolity of modern education, that these inestimable treasures are but rarely brought forth from the mine in which they lie buried; no attempt is made to discover, and therefore none to refine them. I would paint women as Sophocles said he represented men; such as they *ought to be*, not such as they are.

There is a native dignity about woman that she ought always to preserve; it commands and retains respect, without which love will not long be present. This dignity of feeling, communicated to her manner, will check that careless familiarity which is but too commonly attendant on wedded love, and which, if it be not in itself a symptom of decay, is very certain speedily to impair the most rooted attachment. For this reason, if marriage really begin with sincere affection, love will be found to continue much longer with the higher ranks, where the forms of ceremony are more observed, than in the lower classes, where the coarsest familiarity too speedily intrudes. It is true that, among the latter, *habit* soon supplies the place of love; the narrow ideas and limited resources of the parties make them fancy themselves to be essential to each other's comfort and welfare; each has duties to perform that are necessary to their mutual enjoyments; the performance of these necessary duties keeps up a kindly feeling,

and the prospect of their non-performance is viewed with much pain; and thus, the apparent necessity of mutual aid draws closely round them the chain that binds them together. But this is the chain of expediency, and not of love. There is none of that deep, unselfish, affectionate, animating interest which long continues to glow in the breasts of persons of more refined sentiments and habits. It was to guard against the love-destroying progress of a too speedy familiarity that Lycurgus, who was one of the profoundest judges of human nature that ever lived, instituted a law that no husband should, during the first year of his marriage, see his wife in the day-time; by this means, Love was frequently induced to stay a year longer than he would otherwise have remained.

Whenever I contemplate woman in her most beautiful colours, my thoughts unavoidably recur to an interesting, though painful epoch of my life, and to a being whom I must ever esteem one of the most perfect of her sex. I was about

twenty-five years of age when I became acquainted with Serena Selby; and I could not behold her long without loving. But I soon found that her heart was already irrevocably bestowed on a person whom I then esteemed not unworthy of the gift. Charles St. Aubyn was a man of birth, accomplishments, and thought, and appeared to be deeply attached to his beautiful mistress; but I never regarded him without an antipathy, which I vainly strove to subdue. On his part, however, he early seemed to wish to make me a friend, and took every opportunity to assure me of his esteem; whilst Serena also treated me with the greatest frankness and confidence. Fool that I was! although the precipice was so apparent, I had not resolution enough to shun it, but, in that dear society continued to spend evenings of intoxicating pleasure, that were ever succeeded by nights of agony and despair. But, to pass quickly over these scenes; I received intelligence one morning of the loss of Mr. Selby's entire fortune; he had been

induced to guarantee the safety of some extensive speculation, which had proved an absolute failure, and now was compelled, as far as his means would permit, to make good its losses; and thus was every shilling of his fortune exhausted. I flew instantly to Serena; she was cheerful, though serious. "You have heard of our ruin," she said, "and you do not come, I am sure, like many others, to inquire only of its truth. It is indeed certain and unavoidable, and we have only to submit." A faint smile of inconceivable sweetness seemed to mock the half-subdued sigh with which she concluded. "My dear Miss Selby!" I cried, nearly distracted with love, admiration, and inexpressible concern, "would to God that I could aid you!" She laid her hand gently on my arm, and the touch thrilled to my heart, and made me gasp with emotion. "I know it," she said; "I know your sincerity, and am grateful for it; but be not so vehement; we could not receive, were it in your power to afford us

assistance—we must not be dependent even on our most valued friends. See," she continued, turning with a gay smile to a work-table that stood nigh, "I have already begun with this piece of lace to do something towards obtaining our subsistence; besides, you know, my drawings are not wholly valueless, and I may perhaps do something also by teaching music." I sank into a chair, groaning with anguish. Just then, St. Aubyn entered the room. "Oh, Serena!" he exclaimed, "I am distracted; we are indeed utterly lost." "Say not so, Charles, we shall not be rich, but we need not necessarily be unhappy." "You know not what you say," he interrupted impatiently, "we are utterly ruined. I am mad, perfectly mad." He strode about the room in a frantic manner, whilst she vainly strove to soothe and console him; suddenly, with an angry and impatient gesture he flung himself away, and left the house. Serena sank upon a seat, and covered her face with her hand, whilst the tears trickled through her fingers. My heart

was bursting with rage, and racked with a thousand conflicting emotions; but, as I knew not how to act, I could only sympathize with my eyes, and shed some silent tears, which I vainly strove to repress. Serena had risen and left the room before I could offer a word of consolation or counsel.

Affairs continued thus for several weeks. The Selbys retired from May-fair to Pentonville, and I never heard of their being afterwards troubled with any of their former acquaintance, except the family physician.

One day, as I sat meditating plans for their relief, a carriage drove up to my door, and in a few moments Charles St. Aubyn entered the room. He was deadly pale, and almost tottered up to the table beside which I was seated. He looked at me for some time with a fixed eye, as though collecting his energies, and then in a slow, distinct tone, thus spoke:—"Andrew Mervyn, you know me—you know how I loved —yes, by Heaven, and how I love! enough! I

come to tell you that I am eternally undone. Let me come to the point at once — d—n this periphrasis! I am married!" He spoke the last sentences with frightful energy, and, as I heard them, I fell back in my chair perfectly stunned; he continued to glare on me with the eyes of a demon. At length I gasped forth, "To Miss Selby?" "No!" he shouted with terrific vehemence; "no!—do not mention her name, unless you would see me raving, roaring mad. Hearken!" he continued, making a great effort, and speaking with affected calmness, "I came to tell you my story, and you *shall* hear it. You know Burgess, the banker? His daughter has been long at my disposal, with two thousand a-year; both she and her father are aware that I am the son of an earl, and that my brother, by the blessing of God, may die childless; but they neither of them know that my debts, at this minute, amount to thirty thousand pounds. What could I do? We were alone one evening—she, I mean and I—the devil took possession of me;

ruin and madness urged me on. I offered her my hand—she accepted it. I believe I must have fainted instantly, for I remember nothing more that occurred that evening. Next day I returned; I insisted on being married privately and immediately. She took me on any terms. I was married an hour ago, and am now leaving town for abroad. Go to Serena—comfort her; marry her—you deserve her—I"—here the sense of deathless misery seemed to rush upon the mind of this unhappy wretch, and utterly overwhelm him with despair. He gave a groan, or rather shriek of anguish, rushed from the room, darted down stairs, and sprang into the carriage—to the caresses of his bride!

I did not dare to communicate this dreadful intelligence in person, but wrote to Serena's father. It was nearly a month afterwards before I ventured to call again. O! how changed was Serena! Though outwardly calm, and resigned, and struggling for cheerfulness, there was evidently a worm within that would not be satisfied,

She was pale as death, and wasted to a skeleton, but she strove earnestly to conceal her anguish from her beloved and nearly heart-broken parent. But I must not prolong this story.

It was six months after the event I have related, that I ventured to propose to her. She heard me with tears, but they were of sorrow at being compelled to wound me. She told me that I possessed her esteem and most affectionate regard; but she had no heart to bestow, and she could not love me as she thought I ought to be loved. In vain I argued and pleaded; she was resolved and unalterable; and I left her presence with a crushed heart.

For three years I wandered over the continent; I then returned, obtained a living in Leicestershire, and married an amiable and excellent woman.

Serena's parent was dead, and she herself had received a noble fortune by the will of a maternal uncle.

Charles St. Aubyn soon squandered the

money he acquired with his wife, and must have perished in indigence had he not been supported by the munificence of the noble-minded Serena, who, in the name of his father, found means to supply him with a large annual sum of money. He was killed in a duel; and so deeply rooted was the attachment of Serena, that I believe she never recovered the shock of his death. But another complaint was upon her; and I learnt, but too soon, that she was dying of that dreadful disease, a cancer. She wrote for me, and I instantly attended. All those emotions which I thought had for ever subsided, were again awakened, and I shook with the most fearful convulsions of anguish as I approached the death-bed of the adored Serena.

But why dwell on this dreadful scene? She divided the bulk of her fortune between the child of St. Aubyn and myself; and, when her gentle spirit, breathing blessings on my unworthy head, was summoned from this world of sorrows and trials, and borne into the realms of everlasting

peace, I thought I should myself have died—so wholly, utterly desolate I felt. Nor weeks nor months could restore me to calmness, for a thousand associations would continually bring her to my mind with a flood of passionate tenderness, until reason almost gave way beneath the heavy pressure of grief and despair. O Serena! Serena! why wert thou made so very excellent, so very perfect! and yet doomed to die with thy perfections almost unemployed, which might have been the source of such inconceivable happiness to others and thyself! O why was so much goodness created to be so limited in its diffusion, and to be the subject of such unmerited chastisement! Pardon, O God! my repinings.

Serena! Serena! even now I give to thee a passion of tears and memories.

THE BORDERS.

I FIND it to be a common misfortune with travellers, to mistake for national customs, universally practised throughout a country, whatever the accident of circumstances may happen to throw within their own observation. Nothing but a long residence can rectify this evil; and I, therefore, carefully avoid laying down as nationalities any peculiar modes or habits which may have chanced only once within the sphere of my personal knowledge. In like manner, whilst giving a description of

that portion of the country which lies on the borders of Sweden and Norway, I desire to be understood to speak only of the scenes I myself actually traversed, and by no means wish to assert, that the whole line, from north to south, partakes of the same character. I crossed the border almost on a line with Frederikshald; but, as there are no towns or notable places in the neighbourhood, and in that part, at least, no roads and no path, I cannot more particularly point out the exact route I pursued. My map and compass were my guides; and, occasionally, I fell in with a cottage on the banks of some solitary lake, where I was welcomed with hospitality, and accompanied by its inhabitant for many miles, in the direction I was pursuing towards Frederikshald. With his long rude gun in his hand, in readiness for whatever might cross our path, the sturdy peasant would stalk by my side with the gravity and sedateness which usually characterise the inhabitants of rocky or mountainous scenery,

and would bid me farewell, very grateful for the mark* he received.

It is scarcely possible to conceive so dreary and barren a scene; the whole surface of the country consisted of immense wastes of gently swelling rocks; there were hills and valleys of rock; and we trode on nothing but rock for miles and miles together. When I attained the summit of any superior eminence, and looked around—far as I could see on every side, league beyond league, was nought but this undulated surface of barren rock, and innumerable lakes of various extent, dispersed in every direction. Scarcely a tree was to be seen, though here and there a few stunted straggling firs seemed to linger out a miserable existence, in despite of the wasting fury of the wind, which swept unopposed over this desolate scene.

I encountered innumerable bogs, which sometimes gave me much annoyance, and caused me to wander far out of the direction I meant

* About the value of nine-pence English.

to pursue; and there were also frequent streams which had to be forded, or crossed by the still more difficult passage of a slender plank, which some wandering peasant had placed over the channel.

At one time, I reached the borders of an extensive lake. The rocks had become loftier and more rugged, and insensibly I entered a defile, which concluded with the shores of the lake. It was fortunate for me that, at this time, I was accompanied by a peasant, and he, desiring me to remain where I was, went himself in search of a boat, which he believed might be found in some neighbouring creek. After being absent some time he returned, and told me he had discovered the object of his search. I followed him to a little bay, in which was a rude mishapen boat, half sunk in the water, its prow being dragged high up the steep bank. Having with some labour baled out the water, with a wooden scoop, which we found, together with the oars, in the boat, we embarked; rowing

by turns whilst the other continued to bale, for the water kept fast rushing into the crazy vessel. So extensive was the lake, that although we rowed hard, we had only passed over a small portion of it at the end of three hours. It was, however, narrow in width, and its scenery of the most beautiful description; full of abrupt rocks, sometimes crowned with pines. Each side of the lake, too, was composed of high steeps, and rocks and crags of diversity of form; and sometimes the opposite sides would approach so closely, that we had to pass between two cliffs of rock just parted by the silver gulf. High headlands advancing into the water frequently bounded the view, and seemed to form the extremity of the lake; but we rowed past them, and found another seeming lake as wild beyond. It was, indeed, a most romantic scene, that gave to my spirits an elation and a happiness I would they oftener experienced.

Should the reader grumble at being treated

with a description in heroic verse, he must, as on other occasions, "skip and go on." I have seen, I believe, all the celebrated lakes of Europe—those of Switzerland, Italy, and Scotland—but *this* is entirely *sui generis*, and differs in character from all the others, though I do not mean to call it superior; it wants the grandeur of mountain scenery to enable it to compare with the Swiss lakes.

THE LAKE OF ROCKS.

SILENCE most hushed, most awfully profound,
Sits on the lofty steeps that gird thee round;
Not e'en a distant sheep-bell tinkling tells
That living creature in this desert dwells;
Not e'en the unanswered note of one lone bird,
Not e'en the heath-cock's whirring wing is heard.—
Terrific stillness! yet the vault of time
Holds scarce another moment so sublime,
Unawed by fear, without one anxious start,
Glows in its tomb the palpitating heart;
In vain these rocks surround—all unconfined,
Beyond all barriers, bursts the soaring mind;

It rises with the lofty scene it views,
Exults in beauty, and assumes her hues.
Whence comes this vast dilation of the soul,
This gush of thoughts that soar beyond control,
Filling the heart with sympathies that blend,
As though in intercourse of friend with friend,
In one deep, passionate, absorbing glow,
With all these heights above, and depths below?
What means this strange communion felt between
The animate heart and the inanimate scene?
Where one, responsive to the other's charm,
Glows with a fervour vivid, brilliant, warm;
And, leaving far behind each earthly tie,
Mounts with the Spirit of the scene on high?

I cannot answer; it perchance may be
This spot hath its wild spirit, like to me;
Or that the elements, which here abound,
Compose the essence of *my* soul.—Profound
The question; and in vain we strive to show,
Or learn, the cause—enough that it is so.
Embosomed in the lofty hills that steep
Their forward bases in the tranquil deep,
(Where each seems striving most to intervene,)
Small portion of the silver sheet is seen.
But seize this shallop:—now with eager stroke
We turn the headland which the prospect broke,
And gliding swift between approaching shores
We pause again, and rest upon our oars.
Another lake! sure Fancy seldom drew
In wildest dream so beautiful a view:
Bold rocks, whose summits strive with rocks to kiss,
Just parted by the silvery abyss,

On each side hang above the glassy flood,
And share its peacefulness and solitude;
The deep, still inlets hiding in the land,
The pine-clad isles, th' abrupt and rocky strand,
The many windings round projecting steeps,
The calm which over all in silence sleeps:—
These are thy beauties! which in thousand ways
Charm and exalt, enrapture and amaze;
Which chain the wandering thoughts, and leave when gone
A trace that memory loves to look upon.

Yet are thy charms (too varied to be told)
Not sternly grand, but beautifully bold;
And the pleased sense, not all with awe oppressed,
Nor yet with softened beauty all possessed,
Sees grandeur here with gracefulness unite
To raise and fill, to soothe and to delight;
And owns those pleasures far the most refined
That soften most yet elevate the mind,
And tint with heavenly dyes the souls of human kind.

I was now in Norway; and having found a fisherman's hut not far from the shores of the lake, I reposed there after the fatigues of the day.

After walking many miles farther, over barren rocks of a similar character to those I have before described, I again found myself in the neighbourhood of pine-woods; and having discovered a slight path that led in the direction

of Frederikshald, pursued it as far as I could; but it soon dwindled away, and was lost in herbage. On I toiled, through brakes and bogs, and over rocks and streams, continually thwarted and defied by difficulties—wet, mudded, tired, but unsubdued. I was not very well pleased, either, in the neighbourhood of some of the morasses, to encounter occasionally a large adder, which however glided away as I approached. I afterwards heard that these reptiles are very numerous in the forests of Norway.

The difficulties of progression through woods, and wastes, and quagmires, seemed only to increase as I advanced; and having now no guide but my compass, I was frequently a good deal disconcerted. At length, I reached the summit of a high, abrupt cliff of rock, which sank down, almost perpendicularly, to a considerable depth; at the bottom, and part way up the side, grew some beautiful firs, with their gracefully curved boughs, like festoons of fringe. Looking over their tops—for I stood high above them—I could

see the opposite side of the valley—a high, green hill, on which stood a cottage, with cows grazing beside it, and children playing in front. This spot I resolved to reach, and dived, at some risk, down the steep declivity into the valley, and climbed the opposite steep, and reached the cottage, where I gained some information as to the distance and route to Frederikshald. Long time I still toiled; often, when I had got upon an apparently good path, I was dismayed to find it conclude abruptly in a bog, or gradually become narrower and fainter until it disappeared in the tangled herbage, and I was left to conjecture why it had ever been.

Thus, I said, as I trudged along, chewing the cud of reflection, thus doth friendship fade and disappear, growing hourly fainter and fainter, and colder and colder, until at last—'tis gone, like the breath of morn, leaving no trace behind. Thus flourishes, fades, lingers, and vanishes life—in its dawn and mid-day, wide and apparently endless, being without thought of a close;

then, as it draws on, growing fainter and feebler, until, having long wandered in the mazes of error, it is spent without having afforded any thing profitable, and departs, leaving us to wonder *why* it has been.

But I was not doomed to be lost in the wilderness; and late one evening at last succeeded in reaching the outermost barrier of rocks, from the summit of which I had the satisfaction to behold a noble prospect. Far to the south lay endless forests of pine; before me, to the west, was a wide and extensive valley, covered also in many parts with wood, and beyond this, in the back ground, were mountains and lakes. To the right, that is, in the northern part of the vale, on a high rock, stood the fortress of Frederikshald; and beyond it appeared a glimpse of the sea. The sun was setting behind the fortress, and lighted the tops of the battlements, whose long shadows were turned towards me.

I hastened down into the vale, but was still a

long time before I reached the town, having stood very far above it; and I had to climb up, and cross, part of the hill on which the fortress is situated; and then descended immediately into the town, which hitherto had been completely hidden from my knowledge. To say the truth, I was not sorry at the prospect of good accommodations and a luxurious supper, for I was beginning to tire of the pastoral life I had been leading; and, indeed, I dare say the reader has long ago set down my discretion at a very low rate, since it induced me voluntarily to encounter hardships which most would have been better pleased to forego. Well! gentle reader, hast thou never put thyself to as much inconveniency with at least as little reason? Hast thou never toiled all day, and many days together, with thy death-bearing gun, in search of some unhappy partridge or silence-loving hare? Hast thou never stood, for hours together, up to thy merciless bowels in water, striving to beguile to destruction a few paltry

fishes, simple as thyself? Or, if thou chance to be of a literary turn, hast thou never endured the voluntary hardship of composing an elaborate treatise (such as thou art now perusing) which thou didst many times anathematize before half thy task was accomplished, and then absolutely groaned with anguish to think that an equal labour still remained?

These, or similar follies, hast thou committed, and therefore venture not to blame me too hastily. I went in search of occupation of mind, that I might be turned from the thoughts which consumed me; and I was not disappointed. I went in search of *man*, and in the retirement of the desert I found him. But enough of this: on entering Frederikshald I was not so much bent on finding man, as on discovering an inn, which at that hour was matter of some difficulty; for the inns throughout Norway are undistinguished by those ornamental appendages which swing before similar edifices in England. In the former country they are mere plain lodging

houses, unmarked by any exterior symbol, and their locality is generally as little known to the inhabitants of the town as to strangers; and I have had several long rambles over the rough pavement before I could get comfortably housed. At last, however, on the present occasion, I succeeded in obtaining good accommodations; and concluded the day with a meal that would have satisfied even a less hungry individual than the actual partaker, who, under the impetuous instigations of appetite, observed so ill the demands of polite breeding as to devour every thing that was set before him; and then filling the last glass of Medoc, and eyeing the empty flask with scarcely a shade of regret, stretched forth his legs to the wood fire—having first kicked open the door of the stove—and was thankful.

CHAPTER XV.

NORWAY—FREDERIKSHALD.

FREDERIKSHALD is indebted for all its historical interest to the death of Charles the Twelfth. Its situation is strikingly beautiful, at the foot of the high rock on which the fortress is built, and between it and the lake. It may be called a good town; the houses are clean, lofty, and spacious, and a river runs through the midst. Lofty crags of various forms flank the town on either side; behind, and overhanging it, is the fortress, and before, a picturesque lake, interspersed with many rocky islands, and confined within high and rugged barriers.

The lake appears to have three branches, two of which are directly in front of the town, separated from each other by a huge island of rock; the third is formed by the broad river of Frederikshald, which winds away to the west, at right angles to the others.

The fortress is strong from its position; but there is nothing else at all imposing about it.

Behind the fortress, little more than pistol-shot distant, is the place where Charles the Twelfth was killed. He had climbed to the top of the rock by a narrow path of gradual ascent, and thus stood on a level with the fortress.*

The spot is marked by a little insignificant column or obelisk, about five feet high, of common stone, which I believe was erected by the present king, though it does no great credit to the munificence of the donor; but he, no doubt, considered it sufficient for the purpose.

* It was evening when he was killed. Before he was struck, he had remained a considerable time leaning on his elbow, with more than half his body exposed above the works.

It is overhung by four birch trees, and is a good deal chipped and mutilated by the Swedes who visit it, and who like to take away a memento of the spot. There is cut upon it a crown, with the initials C. XII., below which is the following inscription:

I BELEIRINGEN
IOD FRIDRICHSTER
DEN II DECEMB. 1718.

That is, "in the fight [or *beleaguer*] of Frederikshald, the 11th December 1718."

I remained several days at this place; and one evening, having nothing better to do, composed the following lines to the memory of—

CHARLES THE TWELFTH,

(On the spot where he fell.)

Full many a toil and many a danger past,
Here Sweden's reckless hero sank at last;
No mourning sigh, no sympathetic tear
Swells in the heart, or sadly glistens here;

No murmur loud, nor vainly breathed regret,
That here the sun of Sweden's glory set.
What voice shall mourn that sun's extinguished light,
Which moved through storms, and but in blood was bright;
Which never gave to man one genial ray,
To cheer the heart to thousand griefs a prey,
But with its fierce and far-defacing glare
Lighted his path from ruin to despair?

Unmourned by man that warrior's fate shall be
Who only fought for self and victory.
He who for glory was content to fall,
Glory may well be his—but that be all;
No fond remembrance rises at the name
Of him who marched o'er misery unto fame,
Who only strove Oppression's sword to wave,
And sought for conquest only to enslave.
No lofty thoughts within our bosom rise,
Waking the heart's most generous sympathies,
Like those which, oft-renewed, tumultuous spring
At the proud name of Sparta's noblest king.*
Not all the fields by Sweden's warrior won
Can give the glow that waits on Marathon.

O! vainly still be drawn that wasting brand
Which only seeks to desolate a land—
Which is not bless'd by Freedom's sacred cause,
But conquers only for the wretch who draws.
Not long shall last the sunshine of success,
Not great the fame wrung out from man's distress,

* The hero of Thermopylæ.

But soon be checked the victor's vain career
By such a shock from Heaven as met it here.

Shall then this spot no recollection bring,
To grace the memory of the warrior king?
Shall no ennobling thoughts within us swell,
As when we muse on Wallace or on Tell?
Alas! this column vain can only show
A man to all the human race a foe;
This scene can only to the mind disclose
A tale of wrongs, barbarities, and woes;
Of sanguine strife, without excuse begun,
To injure millions for the whim of one.

O! never more in the expanse of Time
Be such an age of wantonness and crime;
May never more to one such power belong,
To crush the feeble and exalt the strong;
And never glory stoop again to twine
Her laurels round a brow, O king! like thine.

When I got to Christiania, the capital of Norway, I discovered that there was an English consul resident at Frederikshald. This gentleman, I understand, was pleased to express his regret and *concern* that I, who remained several days in the town, did not call upon him, and so give him an opportunity to proffer those civilities which his native politeness yearned to

afford. Now this was certainly a great omission of mine, and which nothing but my ignorance of the *customs* of Norway, or Frederikshald, could excuse. The fact is, I never called, in the first instance, on any consul in any town I have ever visited; but I have, on several occasions, received from them much kindness and unsolicited attention. I hope this acknowledgment of ignorance will abate the *concern* of my kind friend at Frederikshald, whose intended courtesy I feel quite as sensibly as though it had been more actively displayed.

Having rested some days at Frederikshald, I again set forth with the intention of going to Frederikstad, which is on the direct road to Christiania; but being misled at the very outset, I pursued a direction that would have taken me any whither rather than to the town I sought to arrive at. I continued to walk all day through a country not very interesting, and at night found myself, at least, as far from Frederikstad as I was when I set out in the morning. To

add to the annoyance, I could find no place wherein to spend the night, which was now fast closing over; at length, I reached a few scattered houses, but none of them betrayed the appearance of a *gestgiversted*, which, being interpreted from the Norwegian, signifies an inn. I went up to one of the houses and asked if I could be accommodated with a bed; but I had left the hospitable land of the Swede, and received an answer in the negative. Not very greatly delighted at this rebuff, I went on to the next house and repeated the question, and met with a similar answer; but I was informed, also, that there was an inn at a short distance, whither I was recommended to go. I had been told, in the course of my wanderings, that the Swedes and Norwegians dare not refuse a night's lodging if it be absolutely demanded, inasmuch as they would be held answerable by the laws for the life of any stranger, who, after denial, had perished during the night by the wild beasts or otherwise; and therefore I resolved to effect

an entrance somewhere or other, should I not be able to discover the *gestgiversted.* Happily, however, I found a low hovel which proved to be the inn in question, and after much ado, succeeded in rousing the wife and procuring admittance. It was a miserable den, apparently consisting of only one large room, along one wall of which were ranged several square boxes, intended for beds, each containing four or five inmates of different sexes and ages, who lifted up their heads and stared at my entrance, and then sank down, composing themselves again to slumber. Though not much delighted with this prospect, I thought it better than remaining in the open air, and approached the sleeping fire, which was placed in a large stove at one side of the room, and was soon coaxed into a blaze by the assiduous endeavours of the half naked hag, who next undertook to procure me some supper. Bread and butter and corn-brandy formed the repast, and that ended, I was shown into an adjoining cottage, where I found a bed, in which

I spent the night more comfortably than I had anticipated. Next morning I was early served with the usual opening dish of coffee, with its accompanying lump of sugar-candy, to be sucked *after* it. Some put the lump of candy in their mouths whilst they drink the coffee; and I have heard (though this I never experienced) that when sugar-candy is scarce, one piece is made to serve a whole party, and is passed from hand to hand, or rather from mouth to mouth. After coffee came the *frukost*, or breakfast, of milk, bread and butter, and brandy. For the whole entertainment (board and lodging) I paid only about four pence English. The name of the place was Bordal.

I set forth again on my travels; the sun was up, the air bracing, the prospect various and exhilarating; my heart expanded within me, and I trode the ground lightly and joyously, careless of the future, and unthinking of the past. After walking some hours, I beheld an enchanting landscape, and saw, for the first time, the

Glommen, one of the finest rivers of Norway, winding far away to the left.

In the afternoon, having ascended a long hill, I had another most beautiful landscape view; a wide range of country lay before me, consisting of immense valleys, in which were frequent steeps or hills covered with wood that rose conically from out them; there was hill and vale, and wood and water, and sunshine and shade; and, in short, every thing that could tend to complete the picture. I descended, and came to the banks of the Glommen, which issued from a vest of mountains to the right, over a waterfall, and came sweeping past me, in a broad sheet,* and wound away round the base of a hill towards the west.

As it was now evening, I thought it best to spend the night at a cottage on the banks of the river, and, in the morning, endeavour to explore the scenery among the mountains to the east-

* Perhaps four hundred yards wide.

ward. In the morning, then, I set off and passed by the Fall through a defile which led into the heart of the mountains; and having wandered some distance through a scene of mountain solitude, I seated myself on a piece of rock by the side of the river. To me there is always something very grand and imposing in such a situation — to be alone in the midst of mountains, where no eye beholds, but that of the Omnipresent; when there is not even a goat to bear one company; to watch the dark-rolling river, image of eternity, hurrying away from the deep solitude, and whirling and eddying over the sunken rocks that chafe it eternally: there is, in this, a solemn pleasure that bids the heart to ponder and be still. As I sat musing, in a dream of thoughts which scarcely assumed any definable form, I was aroused by the distant sound of a church bell, which reminded me that this was the sabbath day, and that I was not spending it as I ought. With haste, therefore, I rose up, and passing round the foot of a

mountain, entered a valley, which I pursued for some distance, and then, in the gorge of another valley which opened into the former, I perceived a small country churchyard, and a few wooden houses scattered up the vale.

I entered the sacred edifice, which contained a congregation of about twenty respectable peasants, men and women, and a due proportion of children; the altar-piece was very rudely painted, and the pulpit also was ornamented in a similar manner. I had no difficulty in obtaining a seat, and hastened to pour out my gratitude to Him who had cheered me in my adversity, and given me health and spirits to continue the journey of life. When I looked at the officiating minister, I was struck with his appearance; he seemed to be about fifty years of age, his black hair was streaked with gray, his eye dark and sparkling, but sunk in his head from wasting sickness rather than deeply set by nature; his countenance was noble and engaging, though bearing the traces of ineffaceable sorrow, and his air and deport-

ment dignified and reverend. His voice was finely toned, manly and harmonious, and I listened with pleasure, though without understanding; and when his eye chanced to fall on mine, I felt that a lofty soul was looking down upon me. When the service was concluded, I left the church, and wandered slowly along the banks of the stream which ran through the valley, and precipitated itself into the Glommen. Seating myself on the grass, I mused on the character of the Norwegian pastor, lamenting that a man so noble in appearance, and so evidently superior in mind, should be condemned to waste his life thus secluded from all communication with polished society. As I lifted up my eyes I beheld the subject of my meditations approach, and rose to salute him. I was not a little surprised to hear him address me in English that was entirely free from any foreign accent: "I see you are an Englishman," he said, "and I rejoice to meet one of your nation, for I may call myself almost a fellow-countryman." I said

something in reply, and he continued—"My mother was an Englishwoman, and her native language the first I acquired; I have, besides, resided in England several years: but come, return with me to my humble abode, and let us be better acquainted." It may be supposed I did not hesitate to accept the invitation; and as we went along I informed him of my adventures. His house was situated not far from the church, and, like most country-houses in Sweden and Norway, was composed of the trunks of pine-trees roughly hewn on the outside, and having the interstices filled up with moss. In this instance, the interior was neatly plastered, and had some appearance of comfort as well as warmth; but the furniture was scanty enough; a plain table, an unpretending sofa, and three chairs, formed the whole catalogue, with the exception of some bookshelves, which contained about two dozen Greek and Latin authors, as many English, and a few works in the Danish or Norwegian tongue.

The time passed pleasantly enough; I found the pastor to be a man of strong mind, some erudition, and much thought; but rather obstinate in his opinions, wild in some theories, and fettered by many prejudices which he had never had the opportunity to overcome. Above all, he entertained a deeply-rooted aversion to every class of society except the poor peasants over whom he presided; and he owned that it was only the extraordinary circumstance of seeing an Englishman in his parish that induced him to overcome his reluctance, and seek my acquaintance; but he added, however, that he could not help congratulating himself on having broken through his rule; and, indeed, he was hospitable enough, and offered me the best his house afforded. Our dinner consisted of potatoes and salt, milk, and bread and cheese, and my entertainer protested that he would have killed one of his hens had there been time to have had her cooked before evening service. There was an air of profound melancholy about my host which

I could only attribute to the solitude in which he dwelt; but it inspired me with an interest in his fortunes, so deep, that I anxiously wished to learn the history of his life.

CHAPTER XVI.

A PASTOR-AL DIALOGUE.

AFTER evening service, we wandered down the valley towards the Glommen, and the conversation ran somewhat in the following strain.

NORWEGIAN PASTOR.

I admire your language—*our* language, I may say, for it is nearly as much mine as yours; and my brief moments of study are almost entirely confined to it, and the ancient classical authors. I now speak it with difficulty, because this is the first time I have conversed with an Englishman

for many years; but every succeeding sentence I feel to utter more readily.

ENGLISH PASTOR.

I am surprised to hear you speak so fluently and correctly. I fell in, not long ago, with an English family who have dwelt in this country about fourteen years, and have almost entirely forgotten their native tongue. In order better to acquire the Norwegian language they made a rule to converse in it with one another, and in time came to express themselves with so much ease that they preferred it to their own; and now, when they wish to speak in English, are obliged to *think* first in Norwegian. This certainly appears very odd; but I have met with many other instances of the extreme facility with which a man may forget his native language. I once became acquainted with an Englishman in Prussia, who had been absent from home only four years; and yet when I saw him, spoke his own language with the difficulty and the

accent of a foreigner. I know a family resident in Italy who are similarly circumstanced. Lady Mary Montague mentions that she had not been much above a year in Turkey before she felt that she was fast forgetting her English; and that reading and writing were not alone sufficient to retain it.

NORWEGIAN PASTOR.

Perhaps I have kept up mine by frequently speaking aloud as I wandered over these rocks, and by repeating passages out of some of your most elegant authors. But look at that sunset! is it not glorious? I can now bear to look at yon magnificent orb, to which, a short while ago, I dared not raise my eyes—I grow hourly dimmer and fainter like it, and shall soon end in night a career that had better never have been run. Though I do not like the evening hour—it is too *still* for me—yet I love that description of it which is given by the greatest of your poets, who hath breathed his mighty spirit on his lines

until they glowed with reality and immortal life; and thus they infuse into the breast of the reader a ray of their own brightness, and enable him to see distinctly a glorious picture that mere naked words could never have embodied or called forth.

" Now came still evening on, and twilight grey
Had in her sober livery all things clad;
Silence accompanied: for beast and bird,
They to their grassy couch, these to their nests,
Were slunk, all but the wakeful nightingale;
She all night long her amorous descant sung:
Silence was pleased. Now glowed the firmament
With living sapphires: Hesperus, that led
The starry host, rode brightest, till the Moon,
Rising in clouded majesty, at length
Apparent queen, unveiled her peerless light,
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw."

Milton certainly is the noblest and greatest poet that any age or country has ever produced. I do not object to what some term his affectation of learning; it should be remembered that, in his day, there were few books worth reading but those of the ancient authors—there was not that multitude of works which in later times have

helped to divide the attention and distract the memory of mankind. Men of capacity, to satisfy their literary appetite, were almost compelled to turn to the glorious field of ancient industry: there they met with kindred genius, with most ennobling aspirations, and most illustrious examples; and can we be surprised if, amid the outpourings of their spirit, we frequently find some of the foundations of their own great talents, that, slightly perhaps obstructing, give also variety to the stream of fancy?

ENGLISH PASTOR.

I am surprised that a man who appears to be fond of literature should continue to live in this remote solitude, where he cannot even procure a supply of books. Have you no wish to dwell more within the influence of the civilized world?

NORWEGIAN PASTOR.

The civilized world! Sir, I *have* dwelt there,

and I know what you call civilisation. Refinement in knavery, systematical treachery, habitual ingratitude—these are the ingredients of civilisation. Wrong, injustice, tyranny, slavery, torture—the torture of the mind, which the oppression of the powerful inflicts on the feeble—these are the fruits of civilisation. Shall I return and dwell amid these, and behold with patience the villany that I have not the power to prevent or punish? God forbid! I will show you here another world, such as is dreamt not of in that which you have left; you shall find here simplicity, goodness, kindliness, charity; men who imagine no wrong against their neighbour, but who hasten to comfort in sickness and relieve him in want. Sir, I will show you a whole society living without guile in their hearts, who have no ambition to gratify, and no craving after riches to appease. Shall I desert them for the tinsel of the world? God indeed forbid—I have done my best to preserve them in purity, and I will remain with them even to the end.

ENGLISH PASTOR.

I admire your motives, though I think your charity might be more widely diffused. But it is on your own account that I feel regret; that you should be quite removed from the sympathy of a congenial spirit, and be condemned to waste in solitude those powers which might be made subservient to the instruction of mankind.

NORWEGIAN PASTOR.

It is not every one that is called upon to instruct the world, or is capable of it, but every one *is* required to do something towards the improvement of those within the immediate sphere of his existence. That which I am able, I do; in this solitude, I am not wholly regardless of the wants of my fellow-creatures; but draw me into a world where I should only be mocked or unheeded, and I immediately become morose and misanthropical. Sir, I detest a city, and the crowded abodes of men:

" Ferreus est? quisquis in urbe manet."*

As for pleasures, I never knew them, and therefore regret not their absence. I have a bitterness that you cannot divine, and which, were I a better Christian, perhaps I should not experience—but this I dare not speak of, lest I become mad [and his eye flashed with an extraordinary wildness].

I have not many occupations, it is true, and they are simple enough; my garden requires some attention; and, as I have no male servant, I do all the labour myself. I have my bees to watch and attend to, and I find them a race well deserving of study. Come, I will take you to my colony. Here it is, in a bay of hills which shelter it from the keen blasts of the east and north. In choosing this spot, I had regard to the directions of Virgil, and you see there is a clear stream, and plenty of good herbage. As the greater part of the 4th Georgic relates to my favourite study, I have pleasure in perusing it,

* Tibullus.

though when I was at the university of Christiania, I knew several persons who pretended to much learning, that were never weary of finding fault with it. Thank heaven! in this solitude I may admire what I please, without being sneered at by the learned, or put to the trouble of defending my opinions. There is a lightness, a grace, a spirit, a buoyancy in most of the lines in this Georgic that charm me very much; and in making a translation, the other day, of some of them--in your language, which of all modern tongues is best adapted to the purpose—I strove to catch that tone and spirit, though I have not succeeded so well as I could wish. As this spot bears some resemblance to the place described, I will just repeat a few lines, beginning (I think) at the third of the original:—

THE BEE.

I will sing of a race that deserve admiration,
Of leaders illustrious, rank, and society, (*populos*)
Manners, and business, and battles.
There is labour in trifles, but glory attends it,
If the Gods will permit, and Apollo will listen.

First, then, for thy bees thou must find habitation
Where the winds have no passage; or else when returning
With booty encumbered, the bees shall not enter their home.
Let not sheep nor the sportive kid frisk on the flowers,
Nor the heifer, wide-wandering, shake off the dew,
And depress the young herbage.
Oh! far be the lizard, spotted and foul,
Far from the hive be the merops!*
And the crimson-stained breast of the swallow!
Which snaps in her beak the poor bee as he flies,
And bears the sweet food to her nest.

Let clear sparkling fountains be present,
And sleeping lakes bordered with moss,
And a shallow stream wandering through herbage.
Let the palm or the olive o'ershadow the dwelling,
That when the new monarch shall lead forth his swarm,
And the young ones, dismissed from the hive, wanton idly,
A cool pleasant bank may be nigh,
And a friendly tree shelter afford from the sun.

In the midst, whether motionless sleeping,
Or swift flowing onward, the water,
Lay willows across it, and cast in it pond'rous stones;
That the bees may find rest on these bridges,
And expand their wet wings to the sun,
Should Eurus, impetuous, disperse them, delaying,
Or whelm them, alas! in the grave.
Here let there be lavender green, [savory,
The far-scented thyme, and great store of the strong-smelling
And let violets drink of the fountain they love.

* The Bee-eater.

But I see you are tired, and I must apologize for the infliction. The sun has disappeared, and it is time to return.

ENGLISH PASTOR.

You appear, Sir, to be an admirer of the classics. So am I—but I do not yield them unqualified admiration. There is a stiffness, and an *uncongeniality* about the Roman poets that deny to them the power of greatly exciting our sympathy or interest. Though they possess a dignity and grandeur which have never been attained in an equal degree by any modern writer, except Milton, they treat very clumsily of the nice, delicate, and intricate machinery of the heart. How coarse are their ideas of love! how degraded is the female character as portrayed by them!

NORWEGIAN PASTOR.

Sir, you forget that women were, in those days, a less cultivated order of beings, and that

the tone of their character was really greatly below its present pitch. The sturdy Romans were not such fools as to consider their women angels; it was the Goths that first began to pay them that respect and adoration which they so little deserved, and which, throughout the chivalrous ages, was carried to an insane pitch of extravagance. The Romans, of course, could depict woman only as experience showed, or books or traditions displayed her; for imagination can trace no distinct outline of an object to which the senses are wholly strangers. Let *beauty* be the test of this. Do you think it possible to conceive the image of a being wholly ideal?—it is not. Let a man work up his fancy to the highest degree of refinement, and he will acknowledge that each feature, each charm of the creature of his imagination, is traceable to some being that once had an actual existence—softened, perhaps, into the beautiful indistinctness of a dream, as time may have thrown his mist betwixt the beholder and the object, but

still bearing such strong marks of identity that the memory, if pressed, cannot fail to recognise the original. Let any one try to imagine a being perfectly beautiful. He fixes his thoughts on woman; he hallows her into angel; he exhausts his fancy in modelling her features—and when he has finished, if he look on his work with attention, he perceives it to be the image of a creature he *once* beheld in all the vividness of life. It is a form stamped for ever on the memory, and interwoven with the very germs of the fancy; if it be not perfection, he can conceive nothing more perfect: in vain he strives to alter the features,—they continually reappear, like those of a man in the glass, which he for a moment obscures with his breath. In short, were it granted us to give life to the most beautiful vision our imagination could conceive, we should produce nothing more beautiful than we *know* to have existed.

ENGLISH PASTOR.

You speak, Sir, with so much fervour that I cannot but imagine you have in your mind, at this moment, the image of some being of divine excellence, whom you may have known yourself in the days of youth.

I shall never forget the expression of his countenance as I made this idle remark. He turned deadly pale, his eye glared on me with the light of a maniac, his limbs tottered beneath him, and he gasped for breath in a frightful manner, and I quite expected to see him go into convulsions; but he sat down on the hill side, and remained in a kind of stupor for several minutes. I stammered out a few incoherent words, but he made no reply, and at length got up and walked towards his home; I following, very much disconcerted and concerned.

Thinks I to myself, can a man of his apparently vigorous mind have been the prey of so ridiculous a passion as love? Has he really fled to this solitude to escape from its persecutions, and yet remains still under their influence? Well hast thou said, Propertius:—

"Quò fugis, ah demens? nulla est fuga: tu licèt usque,
Ad Tanaim fugias, *usque sequetur amor.*"

It was quite dusk when we reached the house; he scarcely spoke during supper, after which we drew our chairs towards the fire, and he thus addressed me:—"You have opened, unintentionally, a chasm in my heart that was never indeed perfectly closed; but I did not wish to reveal any weakness to a stranger. Nevertheless, I owe you a return for having made you the witness of my failing; and if you choose to hear it, I will tell you my history, for there is that in your countenance which makes me deem you worthy of my confidence." I hastened to

assure him of my sympathy, and my anxiety to be made acquainted with the particulars of his life; and he thereupon commenced his narrative without further preface.

END OF VOL. I.

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